

William Rickenbacker asks:
COULD WE SELL BABIES?
 —see page 1355

NATIONAL REVIEW

Confessions of a Street-Corner Conservative

WILLIAM F. GAVIN

Fall Books:

Joseph P. Lash
 Bernard Malamud
 Robert Penn Warren
 D. Keith Mano
 Stephen J. Tonsor
 John Chamberlain
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A WISTFUL GOODBYE TO CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

Donald Atwell Zoll



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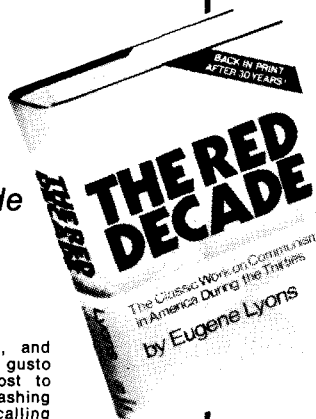
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— Victor Lasky, *Indianapolis Star*

Critical
praise when
The Red Decade
first appeared
in 1941...



"The facts are fabulous, and Lyons relates them with a gusto that rises at times almost to hilarity. He has a gift of slashing satire, and no fear of calling foolish acts and famous people by their exact names. But besides that, and somewhat surprisingly combined with it, he possesses sympathetic understanding."—Max Eastman, *New York Times*

"Hard-headed and vigorously ironic."—*New Yorker*

"Lyons has spared neither flesh, fowl nor certainly good red herring. In *The Red Decade* there is no side-stepping, no equivocation. Here you get frankness with an upper case F. Take a look, for example, at the section on the doings of the theatrical and Hollywood criminals."—George Jean Nathan

"Eugene Lyons has given us a record, at once brilliant, thorough, and valuable, of one of the strangest lapses into utopianism that ever afflicted a large part of the American intelligentsia."—Wm. Henry Chamberlin, *Saturday Review of Literature*

"As a story of the anti-American activities by foreign agents, and of asinine intellectual antics by Americans, it has its place in the history of the United States of the last two decades. I commend it to all radicals, many New Dealers and a few Republicans."—Nicholas Roosevelt, *Books*

"Mr. Lyons obviously neither gives nor expects quarter. No punches are pulled, and everyone who ever signed a Red manifesto is likely to find his name in print in this book, which is exhaustive as well as vehement... *The Red Decade* called for a historian; and Mr. Lyons has done his job extremely well."—*Atlantic Monthly*

"Eugene Lyons knows his subject thoroughly, and he can handle it in a lively, satiric style that is very readable."—*Commonweal*

"*The Red Decade* is superb! It is sound history—cautious, accurate, unchallengeable in its detail. It is brilliant writing—easy, witty, mellow and felicitous. Such clarity of diagnosis and direction is especially needed at this moment. Here is a great story, told by a great reporter."—Benjamin Stolberg

"*The Red Decade* is a much-needed and enlightening piece of work. It is supremely true and supremely exciting. Today's most burning question, 'Can democracy trust Stalin?' is answered here with devastating thoroughness for America."—Jan Valtin, author of *Out of the Night*

Back In Print After 30 Years!

THE RED DECADE

The Classic Work on Communism in America During the Thirties

by Eugene Lyons

A Selection of the Conservative Book Club

THE RED DECADE was the book that gave the Thirties its name. Surprisingly, it was allowed to go out of print soon after publication in 1941, and for years has been a rarity. This reissue, with a new Preface by Eugene Lyons, is long overdue.

Looking back, Mr. Lyons observes that "Never before—or since—had all areas of American society been so deeply penetrated by a foreign nation and a foreign ideology. Never before had the country's thinking, official policies, education, arts, and moral attitudes been so profoundly affected by the agents, sympathizers and unwitting puppets of a distant dictatorship."

The Red Decade is the only book that unfolds the story of the Communist penetration during the Thirties. Lyons covers the field: Hollywood celebrities around their swimming pools posturing as proletarian wage slaves. Flocks of professors and scientists guaranteeing, sight unseen, the fairness of the Moscow blood-purge trials. Young Republicans and Young Democrats making united fronts with Young Communists in the name of peace and freedom. Cabinet members and New Deal stalwarts addressing or "greeting" Communist-run conferences. Trade unions calling strikes in American defense industries at Stalin's in-

stigation for his temporary ally Hitler. Men of wealth paying the bills for efforts to hasten their own liquidation as a class. Student rebels, guests of the First Lady, booing the President on the White House grounds. Books and authors judged or ignored in top-shelf publications strictly by Party-line standards. Lifelong pacifists lending themselves to drives for the defense of the Soviet Union. Government-financed theatre and art projects agitating for the overthrow of the government.

RISK-FREE EXAMINATION

Does some of this sound familiar? *The Red Decade*, writes Mr. Lyons, holds lessons for today and "is uniquely pertinent to the so-called youth rebellion. I am constantly astonished, in talking to young people, that the generation without direct memory of the Red Decade assumes that youth dissent, including 'anti-war' crusades, is something new in America. A reading of this book should, at any rate, apprise them that a vast and raucous youth movement under Communist management was shaking the country long before they were born."

May we send you a copy of *The Red Decade* for your risk-free inspection? If not well pleased with it, you may return the book within 30 days of delivery for a refund in full—plus extra money to cover the cost of return postage. Mail coupon with \$8.95 to your bookseller or: Arlington House, Publishers, 81 Centre Avenue, New Rochelle, N. Y. 10801.

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In This Issue . . . William Gavin, who has held several important posts in the Nixon Administration, tells us how he was saved through an unintended consequence. After growing up in Jersey City, he found himself sitting at the feet of liberal college professors—and learned that “the unexamined patriotism of my family, while un-chic . . . was . . . based on a fundamental principle of conservatism; that my religion . . . has in its moral teachings the bulwark of civilization.” Bill Gavin, meet John Braine. . . . Selden Rodman explains why some Latin American nations are likely Communist prospects, others, like Brazil, not . . . Donald Atwell Zoll has lately been exploring the neglected subject of the social desirability of authority. Continuing this investigation, he here turns to capital punishment. . . . Let us have a free market in unwanted babies, persuasively argues William F. Rickenbacker, Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. . . . D. Keith Mano is finishing his fifth novel (in five years), called *The Proselytizer*, a Christian novel which makes Graham Greene look like Louisa May Alcott. Perhaps prematurely, he concedes this year's National Book Award to Bernard Malamud's latest. . . . John Chamberlain takes a look at Eleanor, Franklin and Lucy Mercer, and guess who came to dinner at the White House: Anna Louise Strong. . . . Peter Witonski, now at the John F. Kennedy Institute at Harvard, casts an appraising eye on, among other things, Robert Cole's long interview with Daniel Berrigan, an “invaluable compendium of New Left nonsense.” Do Coles and Witonski run into each other on Brattle Street and in the Yard? . . . David Brudnoy this week gets off some good ones on movies, e.g., “Dennis Hopper . . . has now managed to patch together a worthy successor to *Easy Rider*. It is optimistically called *The Last Movie*.” “Garry Wills will love *Millhouse*; it's just as impartial as *Nixon Agonistes*.” —J.H.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ A choice not an echo—that's what Los Angeles Mayor **Sam Yorty** says he's offering moderate Democratic voters next year when he enters the New Hampshire and California Democratic primaries. . . . According to **Herb Caen** (*SF Chronicle*), who seems to know everything that goes on in California, the reason **Sandy Weiner** has quit **Pete McCloskey's** campaign is—money, a shortage of. . . . Latest poll in Oregon looks very bad indeed for dove **Mark Hatfield**. It shows him not only trailing Gov. **Tom McCall** 58.8 to 34.8 per cent but also trailing Republican Representative **Wendell Wyatt** 46.4 to 40.3 per cent. On Democratic side, Representative **Edith Green** placed well ahead of former Sen. **Wayne Morse** who has announced he'll run in senatorial primary next year.

■ **Nelson Rockefeller** is telling his friends (says **Joseph Alsop**) that if he did decide to run again in '74—which is problematical—and ran against **John Lindsay**—which is less so, the Lindsay gubernatorial candidacy, that is—that he, as a Republican, would beat Lindsay, as a Democrat, in Democratic New York City by over 100,000 votes. . . . New York's senior senator is slipping. Latest **ADA** interim listings show that **Jacob Javits** has been replaced as Number One Republican in the heart of Americans for Democratic Action by **Richard Schweiker** of Pennsylvania. Schweiker got 92 per cent **ADA** rating, which puts him to the left of all but nine Democratic senators.

■ **Women's Lib Dept.**: **Gloria Steinem's** new women's magazine will carry list of prominent American women who will confess they had abortions when abortions were still illegal. Operation's based on French anti-abortion campaign in which **Simone de Beauvoir**, **Francoise Sagan**, others, signed public affidavits stating they had had

abortions. Ms. Steinem's magazine will be called *Ms.*—which is how chicklib says all women should be identified. . . . First victory, *Women's Wear Daily*, which has announced hereafter it will refer to all women not as Mrs. or Miss, but as Ms. (pronounced miz).



Jon, *London Daily Mail* Ben Roth Agency

"Right now, the first thing your lot do is learn English."

. . . Brace yourselves ladies, **Jane Fonda** is joining the ranks. "I began to realize this particular revolution [women's lib] is not only their revolution, it's my revolution, too. I mean, if I don't fight it, nobody else is going to," which will be news to **Betty Friedan**, **Bella Abzug**, **Gloria Steinem**, **Kate Millett**, **Germaine Greer**, and possibly **Norman Mailer**. . . . But **Susan B. Anthony**, great-niece of the Susan B. Anthony, not signing on. Says she: "Women-lib types are too high-faluting . . . upper-middle-class and out of touch with the working woman" for her. . . . Last minute endorsers of Nov. 20 pro-

abortion march in Washington, **Kate Millett** and tennis champ **Billie Jean King**.

■ Latin American experts in State Department feel **Castro** visit to Chile may be start of campaign to rehabilitate Cuba. . . . His recognition by **Salvador Allende** could be followed, they believe, by moves toward recognition on the part of both Peru and Ecuador. . . . Whereas **Castro** announced just before he left for Santiago that he would never rejoin the **OAS** because it is "the colonial ministry of the United States State Department," he moderated his tone considerably in Chile; notably he tried to put to rest Latin American fears that he will export *his* revolution to *their* countries. "I'm not telling anyone to follow our methods," he said. "Our revolution solved problems that were particularly Cuban. We don't intend to prescribe solutions to any other problems" (and may **Che Guevara** rest in peace). . . . In New York, without fanfare, the U.S. has vetoed the candidacy of a Chilean, **Felipe Herrera**, to replace **U Thant** as Secretary General, but not (ho-ho-ho) because he is Chilean. . . . Comrades all assembled: Not a dry eye in the house (the Paris Sports Palace) when French Communist leader **Jacques Duclos** greeted ninety-year-old **Pablo Picasso** and said: "I remember in October 1944 when I received from Pablo Picasso an application for admission to membership in the French Communist Party." Dropping in to shake Picasso's hand and read a poem dedicated to him: newly Nobel-Laureated Chilean Ambassador **Pablo Neruda**, another longtime CP member.

■ Are we or are we not pulling out of Vietnam? Consider this: Two years ago the Army shipped 27 million cases of soft drinks and beer to **Vietnam**; the figure for 1971 will be seven million.

LETTERS

The Twist

Thank you for the splendid fanfare for *The News Twisters* ["The Scientific Case against the Networks," Nov. 5]. John Chamberlain's piece was most generous, and I shall cherish the cover forever.

There was one inaccuracy in the piece I'd like to correct, however. Mr. Chamberlain suggested that I was simply setting out to test the hypothesis that an anti-conservative bias existed. I wasn't doing this, and even if one wanted to, one couldn't. One can only work out a technique that will test for any political bias—and then see what comes out. My method, applied to *NR*, would undoubtedly result in strong anti-liberal bias—if you will forgive the "prejudgment."

Apart from this detail, it was a wonderful review. I also enjoyed reading about my own peculiar intellectual and social history, as it emerged from Mr. Chamberlain's interview of me. It contrasts fascinatingly with CBS' attempt to cast me as an ambulatory right-wing stereotype.

New York, N.Y.

EDITH EFRON

Concerning the article on Edith Efron's "scientific" case against the networks: I am a physicist and take offense at the casual use of that word to dignify an attempt at quantification of one's subjective viewpoint and the claim that the numbers prove the veracity of that viewpoint. The key word is subjective. Not one word do you print concerning the method of classification into "pro" or "con" on a particular issue used by Miss Efron. Without an examination of this method the results are meaningless to a scientist or anyone else capable of elementary reasoning.

Houston, Tex.

DAVID C. DEMARTINI

Gas Myths

I wish to register my objection to an article entitled "Some Air Pollution Myths," by Richard B. Carroll [Nov. 5].

My specific objection is to the ambiguity of referring to natural gas as a substitute for gasoline, and then switching over to propane, which is an entirely different type of gas.

He is seeking to place a label on gas as a deadly fuel. If he were to examine carefully the accidents caused each year by such fuels as electricity, oil, chemicals, gas etc., published by insurance adjusters, he will find that gas is very close to the bottom as an established cause of total accidents in the U.S. each year. A great deal of air pollution caused today comes from the common gasoline internal combustion engine. We in the LPGas business (propane)

have been using this fuel in our trucks and cars for over 25 years. This fuel is in relatively good supply and is, in essence, the perfect fuel which can be used in today's internal combustion engines to produce documented emissions which meet with federal requirements.

MILTON LEVINSON

Elkton, Md.

Cecil County Gas Co.

On to '72!

Three cheers for William Allthegoddamn-operas Rickenbacker ["Land of the Free," Oct. 22]. I was in despair as to whom to vote for in '72. Now I know for sure. Just think, if we all got together it could be a write-in shoo-in for Willmoore Wheeler. Any man who would abolish PEE is for mee. I have a great idea for a running-mate, too—think about this:

I think the liberal anti-Warldling

Would find Johannes Eff

Urts quite ditorbiting

His infradoggeral so unconventionalist

They wouldn't want to even Menshevist.

San Francisco, Calif.

NEIL G. BARCLAY

Pornopolitics

I have just finished reading "Pornography and Politics" by Robert Ward [October 22] and am amazed at his reasoning. He says that there is a great deal of "visual emphasis" placed on the sex act in movies, and couples who watch such movies are "often forced" by the explicitness of the scenes they watch into an intimacy inappropriate to their relationship. But—who forced these people to go to the movie? Was it not done of their own accord and are not movies rated so that people have an idea of their content before they attend them? Mr. Ward seems to be doing just what the Commission strove to avoid—forcing his concept of morality on others. In other words, Mr. Ward on the one hand seems to be highly concerned with protection of freedom and then advocates an imposition of his moral standards on others. This is a curious kind of freedom indeed.

Williamstown, Mass.

KIRK VICTOR

Mr. Longstreth

The third paragraph of George Bruce's "Letter from Philadelphia" [Nov. 5] reads: "Thatcher Longstreth . . . a man who worked his way to the top of the legal profession in Philadelphia . . ."

Mr. Bruce failed to do his homework: Mr. Longstreth is not a lawyer—he has been a member of the Chamber of Commerce; ran in 1956 against Richardson Dilworth for mayor of Philadelphia; has been a councilman-at-large in city council, but, I repeat, he is not and has never been admitted to the bar of any court—for the plain and simple reason that he is not an attorney.

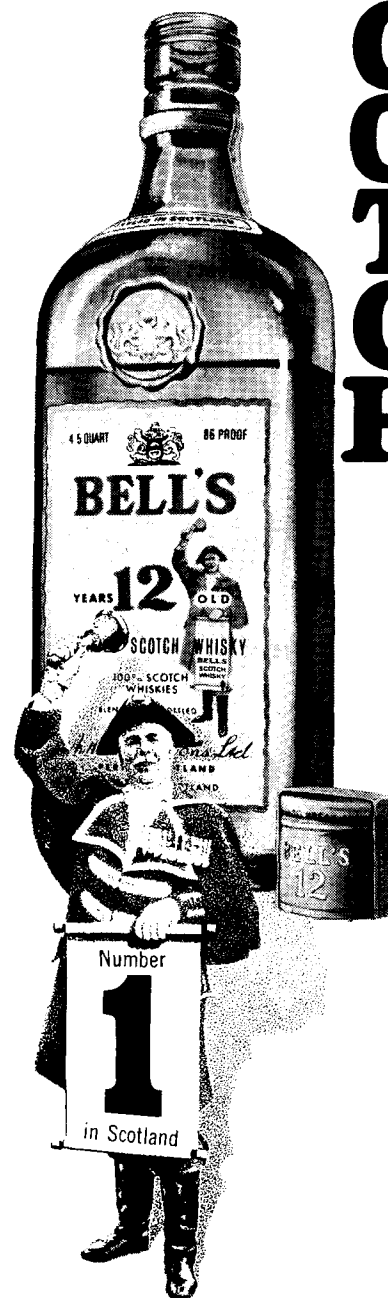
Otherwise, a fine piece.

MRS. WILLIAM B. SWINDELL

Philadelphia, Pa.

(Continues on page 1370)

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THE WEEK

■ There was the photograph in the *New York Times*: posters shouting “Bienvenido, Compañero Fidel” signed “Partido Comunista de Chile.” And there was the caption: “Posters in Santiago say, ‘Welcome, Colleague Fidel.’” And if your Spanish I teacher told you “compañero” means “comrade,” why then she’s not fit to print.

■ Really, it was a shame. Libinform worked so *hard*—bustling in and out of court, buying newspaper ads, collecting signatures, holding news conferences, whipping up mass hysteria. It had half of Canada in a tizzy; it had all Japan ready for the ultimate tsunami; according to Herb Caen, it had Ocean Beach jammed with surfers waiting for the ride of their lives. Then The Bomb went off, and the mean old thing was a complete dud. A big-game hunter five hundred miles away didn’t feel a thing. Not a teacup rattled in Anchorage; nobody in Japan or California so much as got a foot wet. No terrible earthquake, no giant tidal wave, no radiation escaping into the atmosphere, nothing. *Nada. Nichevo.* The AEC was delighted with the Amchitka test, but for libdom it was a cruel blow when the world didn’t end. Now, NATIONAL REVIEW hopes to bring back the smiles to those downcast faces with a Revelation: According to secret papers stolen from a trashcan in Chagrin Falls, there *was* a radiation leak—not into the atmosphere, but into a cavern deep in the ocean where has slumbered for centuries a prehistoric monster, half lizard, half newt and twice the size of the Chrysler Building. Anybody who’s seen Japanese horror flicks on the *Late Show* knows what radiation does to those babies: It wakes them up, and makes them hungry. This particular one lives on a steady diet of liberals, and he should reach San Francisco in a day or two. “*General! it’s still coming! All our weapons are useless!*” . . . “Very well, it’s our only chance—unleash John Lindsay!”

■ Further comment on Amchitka, from Sen. Gordon Allott (R., Colo.), as published in the *Congressional Record*: “Mr. President, in a warm editorial in the Saturday edition of the *New York Times*, the editors waxed theological on the subject of the Cannikin test. They concluded with these words: ‘However, if the Supreme Court fails to intercede today, an underground explosion 250 times greater than Hiroshima will take place as planned. Let us pray.’ Indeed, let us pray frequently, and for a variety of purposes. It is a pleasure to see the *New York Times*, which has spilled much ink in the effort to keep prayers out of school, praying vigorously. And their prayers, like the Cannikin test, seem to have worked. There were none of the earthquakes, tidal waves, and sundry other calamities which some apocalypticians pre-

dicted would result from this test. Let us hope that Cannikin yielded the information that we needed, and that such tests will be of diminished importance in an increasingly peaceful world. Meanwhile, let us just enjoy the spectacle of the *New York Times* worshipping something other than itself.”

■ President Nixon, announcing Phase II on October 7: “We will concentrate on those major portions of the economy that are the primary causes of inflation.” According to Department of Commerce data, the average increase in compensation per employee in all industries between 1967 and 1970 rose 22 per cent. In first place, with a rise of 35 per cent, were federal employees.

■ CHILEAN NOTES: Bad news for President Allende from the copper mines: eight thousand workers at Chuquicamata voted for a 50 per cent wage boost (their earnings are already far above the national average), even though Allende personally urged them to keep it to 23 per cent and union leaders “suggested” it be 35 per cent. And in a vote for labor representatives on the mine’s collective bargaining board, workers rejected candidates of Allende’s Communist-Socialist labor front, picked candidates of the opposition Christian Democratic Party. If he’s to keep the mine going, Allende may have to abandon democratic procedures. . . . At University of Chile (sixty thousand students), Marxists suffered a big setback last July when Edgardo Boeninger was elected Rector with support from Christian Democrats, Nationalists and independents. Marxists from the Communist and Socialist Parties (Allende’s coalition) kept a slim edge on the University Council; now are trying to take control over all aspects of university life (e.g., hiring and firing of faculty, courses of study, scholarships, even content of news programs on the university’s TV station). Newest issue: Marxists have moved to merge the law school, controlled by non-Marxists, with a new school of “economic and social sciences” where Marxists would dominate. Non-Marxists are fighting back—they’ve occupied the law school, feel sure Christian Democrats will win student federation elections later this month “if the Marxists don’t rig the voting.” Christian Democrats have already won control of high-school students federations in Santiago, Talca and Chillán. . . . Allende still under pressure from the Left: his police dealt firmly with a Mirista demonstration in Santiago not long ago. But MIR (Independent Revolutionary Movement) still unmolested in the countryside; complaint from Farmers Guild says farms are being seized, farm-to-market roads blockaded, a farmer’s wife was kidnaped and a farm foreman shot. Despite government promises to seize and prosecute him, MIR’s Commandante Pepe still at large.

■ U Thant and others want to set up a “UN University,” a string of graduate study centers all over the world “where scholars from many lands would meet to research common problems” et cetera. According to a feasibility study, no degrees or diplomas would be granted by Thant

U; there probably wouldn't even be a football team. Just talk. A chip off the old block, you might say.

■ **Lindsay Law Operates:** "John Lindsay's supporters are crowing over the surprise election of Democrat Ivan Lebamoff in the *Fort Wayne, Indiana* mayoral election last week. Lebamoff is crediting Lindsay with giving him his margin of victory. . . . Not surprisingly, Lindsay supporters are not crowing over Lindsay's *shorter coattails closer to home*. Lindsay supported Frank Sedita for county executive of *Erie County*, yet Sedita went down to a rousing defeat. And *even closer to home*, realizing Lindsay's tattered coattails were nothing to ride on, Mayor Alfred B. Del Bello (who won his race) actually asked Lindsay *not* to come in and campaign for him in *Yonkers*." (Mary Perot Nichols in the *Village Voice*, Nov. 11; italics added.) Lindsay Law: Lindsay's popularity increases in direct proportion to distance from City Hall.

■ **George McGovern's latest campaign position paper**, on The Economy, dismisses inflation with a shrug, noting that, shucks, most folks would rather "get any dollar—even an inflated one—in their pay envelope than no envelope at all," and therefore we need 1) \$10 billion in new federal spending, which would create 2.6 million jobs, thus reducing unemployment from the present 5.8 per cent (however, he says, 7 per cent would be "a more realistic figure") to 4.5 per cent (more realistically, 5.7 per cent, George?) not to mention 2) "inflation-proof" savings bonds whose dollar value would be pegged to the consumer price index. Senator McGovern's economic advisory panel is composed of Francis E. Townsend, Huey Long, Charles Ponzi and John Kenneth Galbraith.

■ **The Harriet Van Horne Watch:** "As the Nixon Administration moves us ever closer to what some fear is a totalitarian police state, the need to defeat him becomes a moral imperative. It's significant that the only two countries in which the free press is under attack from its elected government are South Africa and the U.S.A. It's significant that in both these countries, the intellectuals, the artists, the 'communicators' and the socially active clergy are considered 'enemies of the regime.' There are other parallels, including South Africa's secret police and controlled courts. I, for one, find the Nixon Administration frightening." (*New York Post*, Nov. 15.) We, for one, find that kind of journalism frightening.

■ A major revision of Massachusetts drug laws, signed last week by Governor Francis W. Sargent, is attracting wide attention and may provide the model for legislation elsewhere. The basic feature of the bill is a calibration of drugs according to strength for the purpose of setting different penalties for illegal use. You can get two years for possession of a Class D drug, such as marijuana, with intent to sell; first-time conviction for marijuana possession draws only six months' probation. In the case of the harder drugs, the law gets much tougher. You can get ten

years for possession of a Class A drug, like heroin, with intent to sell. The legislation gained the support of both liberals and conservatives in the legislature.

■ "An attitude of tolerant laxness seems to pervade the city's welfare administration, and this, I believe, leads to all sorts of abuses." This from New York State Welfare Inspector George F. Berlinger on New York City's welfare problems. The "tolerant laxness" he says is part of the reason for the 45,000 duplicate welfare checks that

Perishable Interviews: The Documentation



"Can you look me straight in the eye and say that our policy of statesmanlike cartwheels, winding down irrelevancies, facing upto defacto-dejurism, bandaiding the economics, crackdowns on crackdowns, aid to overdeveloped nations, hardnosed benignity implementation, coming to gripplessness with loophole enlargement, manning the rhetoric ramparts and restructuring the strictures, has not been successful?"

were issued by the city last year, part of the reason why so many are able to get on and stay on the welfare rolls when they are not entitled to, and, no doubt, part of the reason why Mason von Lustig, a Great Dane, has a New York Medicaid card.

■ Peru's leftist military dictatorship has promulgated a new law giving the government 51 per cent ownership of the country's nineteen television stations. It's getting chile down there.

■ It's time for our nap now. Will somebody please wake us when the Era of Negotiation, the Generation of Peace and Phase II are over?

China's UN Debut

The Communists disdain to conceal their views and aims. They openly declare that their ends can be attained only by the forcible overthrow of all existing social conditions. Let the ruling classes tremble at a Communist revolution.

—Karl Marx & Friedrich Engels:
Manifesto of the Communist Party

It was a humiliating contrast. On the one hand George Bush, ambassador and delegate from the United States of America, speaking his fatuous little speech of welcome along with the scores of other delegates humbly kowtowing before the legate of the Middle Kingdom. "The United States joins in welcoming . . . Vice Foreign Minister Chiao, Ambassador Huang and their colleagues. Their presence here makes the United Nations more reflective of the world as it now exists and we hope that it will contribute to the organization's potential for harmonizing the actions of nations. . . . The United States . . . is confident that with renewed dedication to the principles of the Charter we can move toward peace and justice in the world." Not a phrase, not a word in Ambassador Bush's remarks that rose above the level of stale cliché.

And then Peking's spokesman, Chiao Kuan-hua, rose to demonstrate that there are still men and regimes in the world that base themselves on principle, and that scorn to hide those principles or what they propose to do to carry them out. Ever since the Assembly vote to seat Peking, our commentators have been telling us that the Chinese representatives would go slowly and quietly, maintain a low profile until they learned the UN ropes, be careful not to offend others at the start, and in general be model pupils during their UN apprenticeship. Within two minutes Chiao had blotted out all that wishful nonsense.

Chiao is not a diplomat as Whitehall, Foggy Bottom and the Quai d'Orsay understand diplomats. Chiao is a full-time professional revolutionist, assigned for the moment to a specific revolutionary mission under a con-

venient diplomatic disguise. He acts in the UN according to the tactics laid down sixty years ago by Lenin for revolutionary operations in a "bourgeois parliament" or assembly: as a soldier in the camp of the enemy, whose objective is not to seek agreements and compromises but to exploit the assembly as a forum for revolutionary propaganda and to manipulate it as a revolutionary weapon. In Peking shortly before Chiao's departure, his superior officer, Foreign Minister Chi, summed up the tactical goal: "to transform the UN into a Maoist front."

Chiao made no slightest concession, gave no hint of any compromise. His speech made unmistakable the fact that in gaining UN membership and "rejoining the family of nations" Communist China yielded nothing and will yield nothing. It is the UN, and the U.S., that have yielded, not China. "The legitimate rights of China in the UN should have gone to the People's Republic of China as a matter of course."

There are no ambiguities in Chiao's statement of various of the objectives Peking will continue to pursue, inside the UN and outside:

"Countries want independence, nations want liberation and the people want revolution. This has become an irresistible trend of history."

"I hereby reiterate that Taiwan is an inalienable part of China's territory and the U.S. armed invasion and occupation of China's Taiwan and the Taiwan Straits cannot in the least alter the sovereignty of the People's Republic of China over Taiwan, that all the armed forces of the United States definitely must be withdrawn from Taiwan and the Taiwan Straits and that we are firmly opposed to any design to separate Taiwan from the motherland. The Chinese people are determined to liberate Taiwan and no force on earth can stop us from doing so."

"The Chinese government and people firmly support the peoples of the three countries of Indochina in their war against U.S. aggression and for national salvation. . . . The U.S. Government should withdraw immediately and unconditionally all its armed forces and the armed forces of its followers . . ."

"The Chinese government and people firmly support the eight-point program for the peaceful unification of the fatherland put forward by the Democratic Republic of Korea . . . and support its just demand that all the illegal resolutions adopted by the UN on the Korean question be annulled . . ."

"The Chinese government and people resolutely support the Palestinian and other Arab peoples in their just struggle against [Israeli Zionist] aggression . . ."

"The Chinese government and people resolutely support the people of Mozambique, Angola and Guinea in their struggle for national liberation, and resolutely support the people of Azania [South Africa], Zimbabwe [Rhodesia] and Namibia [Southwest Africa] in their struggle against the white colonialist rule . . ."

"The Chinese government and people resolutely sup-

port the struggles unfolded by the petroleum-exporting countries in Asia, Africa and Latin America . . .”

“We provide free military aid to countries and peoples who are fighting against aggression.”

We may now look forward to a busy month for the commentators, explaining why Chiao didn’t really mean what he said. At that, we would enjoy a Fireside Chat by the President on the topic: “Why I feel Chiao’s debut speech is a good omen for my trip to Peking.”

Nixon: Opening Moves

The pieces nicely arranged on the board, President Nixon, like a political Bobby Fischer, began making the opening moves of his re-election campaign, first at fund-raising dinners in New York and Chicago and a few days later at an unscheduled press conference appearance at the White House.

At the press conference, Nixon’s announcement of slightly stepped-up troop withdrawals accomplished two things. First, it kept off balance his dove critics both in Congress and in the streets. The most recent antiwar demonstrations in Washington, it should be noted, were a complete failure. And, second, the discomfiture of the antiwar forces at home allowed Nixon to stiffen, all but imperceptibly, his position vis-à-vis Hanoi. U.S. airpower, he said, would continue to support the South Vietnamese “until there is a negotiated settlement or . . . until the South Vietnamese have developed the capability to handle the situation themselves.”

What this means is that Hanoi, unable to count on the political leverage of a strong antiwar movement in the U.S., faces the choice of either giving up its principal aims in the South or, alternatively, continuing the war against an increasingly capable ARVN backed—if Nixon is re-elected—by U.S. airpower and, very probably, a substantial U.S. residual force. Nixon’s stepped-up withdrawal rate, moreover, will apply for only *two months*. That gives Nixon considerable flexibility during the early months of 1972: he will be able to orchestrate the withdrawal rate, as needed, to keep the home-front cool. Nixon’s calculation, clearly, is that the electorate—with U.S. casualties minimal—will accept this Vietnamese package and reject the appeal of the doves for an all-out withdrawal. Whatever their other aspects, Nixon’s Peking and Moscow visits will aid this strategy. The dove position will be weakened by the possibility—remote, but nevertheless always present—that global diplomacy will affect the situation in Vietnam.

Toward the end of his press conference, in a passage that should be savored by connoisseurs of the Nixon style, the President served warning that, if he is pressed too hard by the Democrats, the campaign could get very rough indeed. Nixon was asked whether we are not in danger of “sliding into another Vietnam in Cambodia.” His answer should be studied by Lawrence O’Brien:

“We didn’t slide into Vietnam. . . . In Vietnam conscious decisions were made to send Americans there to become involved in combat. *I am not criticizing the decision*; I am reflecting what the situation was. It was not a question of sliding in, but was a question of decisions being made, first, to send American combat troops in. Those were first made by President Kennedy, the first troops that went in; and then the decisions to bomb in the North. Those were made by President Johnson, and the increase in forces. *Let’s look at Cambodia. We have made a conscious decision not to send American troops in.* There are no American combat troops in Cambodia. There are no American combat advisers in Cambodia. There will be no American combat troops or advisers in Cambodia. We will aid Cambodia. *Cambodia is the Nixon Doctrine in its purest form. Vietnam was in violation of the Nixon Doctrine.* [Remember, he is “not criticizing” those original Kennedy-Johnson decisions!] Because in Cambodia what we are doing is helping the Cambodians to help themselves, and we are doing that rather than to go in and do the fighting ourselves, as we did in Korea and as we did in Vietnam. *We hope not to make that mistake again if we can avoid it.*” (Italics added.) Translation: “If You Democrats, after bogging an army down in Southeast Asia—which I would never have done—refuse to let me end the war in my own sweet time, I will be happy to turn up the volume on the theme that the war is The Democrats’ War. Think that one over.”

The fund-raising dinners, carried by closed-circuit TV to dinner groups in a score of states (Maurice Stans strikes again!) saw Nixon stressing, as expected, his generation-of-peace and prosperity themes, but, amid the rhetorical euphoria, another barb was very much present. Nixon mentioned revenue sharing, governmental reorganization and welfare reform as Nixon programs neglected by Congress. Setting aside the question of the seriousness of the Administration’s commitment to any of these velleities, we may expect, come the summer of 1972, to hear a great deal about the Do-Nothing Congress.

Teddy’s Scenario

Arising slowly out of the briny deep, in this, yea, if in little else, resembling the Venus Anadyomene, Teddy Kennedy is heaving into view, stepping ashore into high political visibility and the Presidential tourney.

Consider his current palette. First, a touch of Brown. His Bangla Desh exertions have nicely and at zero cost polished up his humanitarian credentials, adding, for good measure, some Third-World identification. Then Ulster, and a bit of Green. The British, to be sure, are not about to take Teddy’s unsolicited advice and give the signal for a bloodbath, and of course it never entered Teddy’s mind that they would take him seriously. But Teddy’s Irish constituency tends to be socially con-

servative and not very hospitable to Mayday demonstrators and the like, and in consequence it has been getting a bit restless lately. Teddy's Ulster ploy was designed to keep this phalanx in line.

Then some Scarlet, very attention-getting. The Nixon Administration is attempting to "destroy" the Constitution. The Nixon strategy in Vietnam is a "monstrous outrage." The campuses ought to heat up again politically. Here is Teddy at Harvard recently: "The mood on most campuses," he lamented, is "uncomfortably reminiscent of the silent generation of the Fifties." And, in due course, using a very broad brush, he will paint in a vast program of socialized medicine in the hope of appealing to the poor and—here he is still sagging in the polls—among the elderly.

But how can Teddy snatch the nomination from Muskie, who runs strongly in the polls, has plenty of appeal in the center of the Democratic Party, and looks good for many of the primaries? Teddy was obliged to concede early dominance to Muskie. When Muskie began running, Chappaquiddick was too fresh in the public memory for an open Kennedy candidacy; such a candidacy would have been regarded as a gross insult to the Republic. But now the months have passed, and as they have done so a salient political fact has emerged. Muskie, while strong among Democratic moderates, has not enlisted the fervor of the young, the blacks, the poverty warriors, the campuses, the chic Left, the intellectuals, the chicklibs, the media, or those Left moneybags who regard ideological politics as a thrilling indoor sport. It is a truism that a Republican candidate cannot win without the support of the Right. It is just as true that a Democratic candidate needs the support of these diverse, motley but also energetic elements on the Left.

Scenario. In the summer of 1972, the distinct possibility of a Muskie nomination produces a revolt on the Democratic Left, with Gene McCarthy making fourth-party noises. At this point Teddy becomes the only nominee who can bring the Left into line while still holding the machine politicians, union bosses and the mass of

ordinary Democratic voters. Teddy takes over the McGovern organization, McGovern always having been in fact, if not in his own estimation, a Kennedy stalking-horse. Teddy's charisma, such as it is, papers over the cracks in the Democratic coalition. The script could continue with all joining hands to greet a Kennedy-Muskie ticket.

The Rehnquist Fight

The Senate Judiciary Committee has now concluded its hearings on the nominations of Lewis F. Powell Jr. and William H. Rehnquist to the Supreme Court, and though both came through with their ethical and intellectual qualifications unimpaired, the real—that is, the ideological—fight was just beginning, particularly as regards Rehnquist.

It is a relief to get down to the real issue, masked as it has been in the recent past by charges of "mediocrity" and, in the case of Clement Haynsworth, by trumped-up allegations of "conflict of interest." We will now discover whether Richard Nixon is going to be permitted to alter the direction of the Court, as he promised to do during the 1968 campaign, an intention he has since reaffirmed.

The area actually in contention may be clearly designated. No Court in prospect is even remotely likely to overturn *Brown v. Board of Education*. No Court is likely to rescind the principal civil-rights rulings or the main civil-rights acts of the past decade. The present Court, including its Nixon appointees, has voted with striking unity to confirm these decisions. On the other hand, the present Court does not seem likely to press forward with new initiatives in the area of race relations. The addition of both Powell and Rehnquist would change nothing here.

Why, then, is the opposition to, especially, Rehnquist becoming so ferocious? Last week, when Rehnquist unequivocally denied membership in the John Birch Society, this was not nearly good enough for Joseph Rauh, a lifelong anti-defamationist and defender of civil liberties. Rauh went right on smearing away: "The weakest denial I've ever heard. *What of all the possible relations short of membership?*" (Italics added.) Rehnquist, Rauh charges for good measure, is a "laundered McCarthyite." Black spokesmen such as Clarence Mitchell of the NAACP and Ralph Abernathy of the SCLC tried to pin a "racist" label on him. AFL-CIO and UAW spokesmen were vociferous.

At its serious philosophical level, the fight is really over the relative weight of the Bill of Rights—or, rather, the Bill of Rights as read through the prism of the Fourteenth Amendment—within the constitutional framework as a whole. From its very beginnings, the constitutional tradition has contained a tension between individual rights and liberties on the one hand and the goals expressed in the Preamble on the other. The First Amendment, read through the prism of the Fourteenth, can be

Mr. Rehnquist's Coming Ordeal

Ravel's *La Valse*, you know it?
At first, just fiddles bow it;
Then dainty woodwinds try it,
All straining to be quiet.
Inexorably, others
Join their orchestral brothers,
Until the great finale
Engulfs you with a volley.
A similar crescendo,
Replete with innuendo,
Is building up to parry
The man who went for Barry.

W. H. VON DREELE

taken as establishing a "right" of "free speech"—even though the Bill of Rights contains no reference to free speech. The "equal protection" clause of the Fourteenth can be read as implying a "right" to equal medical care, equal education, equal housing or even equal income. The "due process" clause of the Fourteenth can be interpreted in ways that make criminal prosecution excruciatingly difficult. This particular reading of the Constitution has allowed the courts to bypass Congress in the pursuit of various social and political goals.

But, then, what happens to the goals of the Preamble, such as "to insure domestic tranquility," or "to establish justice," or "to provide for the common defense"? It was to secure these goals that the constitutional system adopted at Philadelphia in 1787 was designed—and it consisted of more than a Bill of Rights; indeed, the 1787 Constitution contained no Bill of Rights at all, the delegates voting unanimously *not* to adopt one.

At the present time, accordingly, we have two broad views of the Constitution. One side has as its favorite texts the Bill of Rights and the Fourteenth Amendment, sometimes adding for good measure the "created equal" clause of the Declaration. These excerpts from the constitutional tradition are read in a particular way, as indicated above, and the rest of the Constitution is allowed to rest in a decent obscurity. Thus, for the *New York Times*, the Bill of Rights is "that pillar of the American constitutional system," it is "the irrevocable premise on which the American political system rests: the protection of individual liberty under law." Rehnquist, charges the *Times*, "neither reveres nor understands the Bill of Rights." He would have "a critically regressive effect on constitutional protection of individual liberties for a long time to come."

Rehnquist, to put it one way, is a Preamble man. He would shift the emphasis some distance toward "insuring domestic tranquility," "securing justice" and the like. He has made this clear enough in connection with the May-

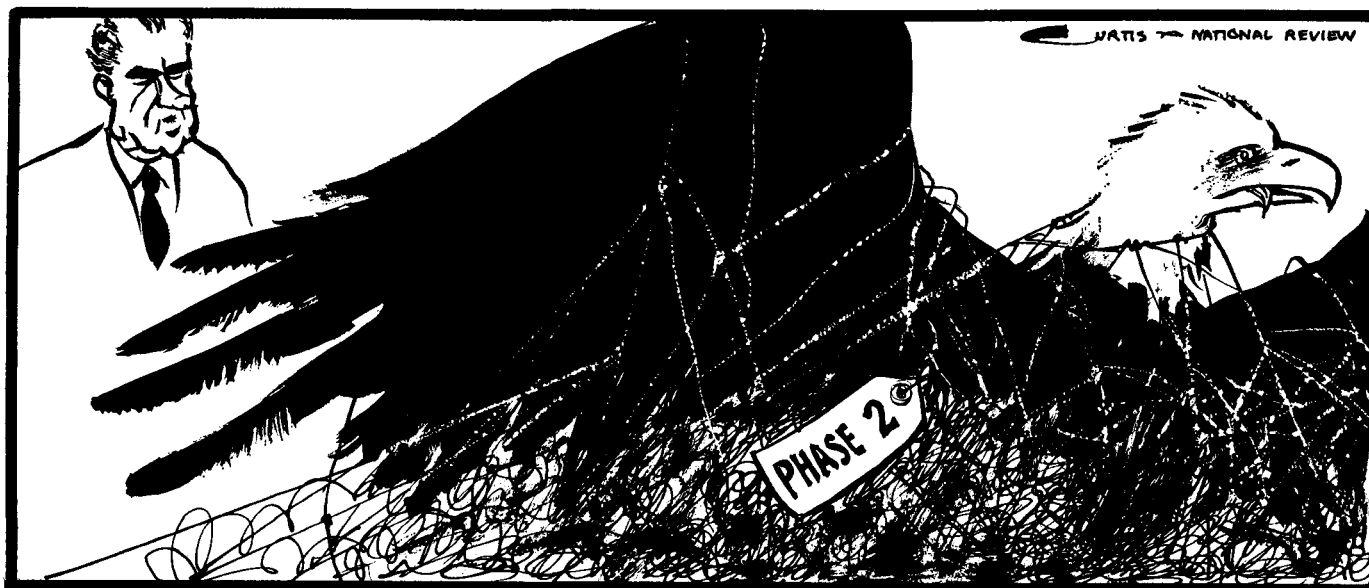
day rioters, surveillance, the rights of accused criminals and so on. Nixon is known to think that the rights of the community have suffered as a result of an exaggerated solicitude for the rights of the accused and the disruptive. In Nixon's somewhat broad-brush language, Rehnquist's nomination is meant to strengthen the "peace forces" as against the "criminal forces" in the nation. The framers of the Constitution would have recognized this as a perfectly legitimate objective.

The fight is likely to get rough, precisely because profound issues and profound interests are at stake. The Court is now at the tipping-point on a variety of "due process" and "equal protection" issues. Rehnquist himself embodies the counterinterpretation most clearly. And the confirmation of *both* Rehnquist and Powell would tip the Court in the direction Nixon and, doubtless, the nation desire.

'The City as Sandbox' or Now We Know What John Lindsay Does

Consider the sandbox, Rutgers professor George Sternlieb suggests in the latest issue of the *Public Interest*. It is a place where "adults park their children in order to converse, play or work with a minimum of interference." The children are rewarded with their own turf and kept amused with occasional deliveries of new sand or toys; every so often nannies bring order out of juvenile chaos by meting out a few smacks, followed by additional sand and toys or expressions of mild interest in make-believe roads and castles.

If we look long and hard at the actual functioning of many American central cities today, Sternlieb advises, we will see that their principal activity is to serve as vast



"Well? What are you waiting for?"

sandboxes for the urban poor. Thanks to minimum-wage and maximum-hour laws, restrictive immigration practices and generous welfare checks, the cities no longer serve in their traditional role as providers of pools of willing, cheap labor, the management of which offered a means for enterprising entrepreneurs to make it and move out. Instead, we buy our toys and shirts from Hong Kong, Formosa and Singapore, and cry about our balance of payments.

The billions of dollars that are being spent on the urban poor by all levels of government go mainly to support a growing welfare bureaucracy of teachers' "aides," "youth workers," clerks, supervisors, keypunchers and people's lawyers. The bureaucracy "is sustained by the plight of the poor, the threat of the poor, the misery of the poor, but . . . yields little in the way of loaves and fishes to the poor." When the old programs demonstrably fail they are rebaptized and refunded: "the height of sandboxism."

Running a successful sandbox clearly requires special talents: the ability to amuse, divert, introduce new toys, pass out favors, and keep a minimum of order are essential. So we have "Fun City" with John Lindsay as keeper. Thanks to Professor Sternlieb, the Lindsay-coined phrase finally takes on meaning. The basic assignment is not to amuse the tourists or the relatively affluent audiences of the "happenings" in Central Park, but to divert the hundreds of thousands who inhabit the desolation of Ocean Hill-Brownsville and parts of Harlem. Because Lindsay understands this, and because his sandbox-style leans heavily on rhetoric and motion, he has achieved something of a reputation in liberal circles. But then there's Mayor Daley, who runs an unfashionably taut sandbox in Chicago, and ex-Mayor Stokes in Cleveland, who apparently has decided there are more satisfying jobs in life.

Meanwhile, beyond the central city, the business of America goes forward. In the majority of major metro-

politan areas we are not rebuilding the decaying central city, but constructing new centers on the fringes of the old. Clustered around the transportation links of today—the circumferential highways and major airports—the new cities are rising. Rosslyn, Rockville and Clayton, for example, are not yet household names, but if you live near Washington or St. Louis you know them well. The focus of civic, cultural and business life in America is inexorably shifting away from the central city. And so long as our laws refuse to recognize the plain economic facts of life, we will deny the urban poor the chance to make it to the outside—and, some might argue, require politicians like John Lindsay.

Ultima Thule—And Then Some

It's the day the advance party from Peking is arriving at the United Nations, breezy, crisp, a fine early November day. The flags of the 150 are flying out front. Red China's flag is there somewhere—not worth the extra walk to pick it out.

At 12 noon or thereabouts there are regular briefings: by the UN press spokesman, the British spokesman, the American spokesman. Don't the Russians insist on having their briefing? *Nyet*. The Russians don't use the press that way. Their way is to issue a statement for its propaganda wallop, when they want it, sort of like a de Gaulle press conference.

It's 12:30. The American spokesman is on tap. Sixty-two reporters in the room. What the hell are 62 reporters doing there? Whom do they represent? And why? What can come out of this briefing that will make world news? The American spokesman is cautious. He can tell the reporters that the Chinese delegation has arrived at Kennedy. There are seven of them. Yes, the leader is Kao Liang. No, the American Mission has no information about who they are. What are the arrangements? They will be allowed in without visas. The visas will be arranged later. What will be the limitations on their movements? That is under consideration. Where will they stay? They had better ask the UN about that, or the Albanians or the Rumanians. Did the U.S. Government send anyone to Kennedy? Yes. Two or three. Will they greet the Chinese? No. They are just to see that there is no problem with Customs; that the security is adequate. Then they will speak to the Chinese? No. Not necessarily. Probably not. And on in that vein. The American spokesman suggests that the story the press is after is at Kennedy. Ah, says one reporter, but we are here. One wonders why they are here. Why aren't they there, where the story is. One wonders again, who they are. Some represent major papers, the *New York* and *London Times*, *Le Monde*, *La Tribune de Genève*. Others report for three or four papers, or for papers and radio stations in Third-World countries that believe that the UN is where the news is. (Some were fired years back but they hold on to their UN credentials, try to make a buck here and there peddling inside stories—both the kind that are and the kind that aren't.) →

The Bus Goes North

I never participated in the buying of a house without inquiring about the schools that my boys would attend.

—Rep. Edith Green (D., Ore.)

Since 1954, when our Supremes
Began to hand down integration schemes,
They used both sides of their collective mouth;
One (smiling) for the North, one for the South.
To summarize, from Norfolk to Mobile,
The South, reluctantly, has come to heel.
The buses carry children out of town
And bring them back before the sun goes down.
In Sweden, Gunnar Myrdal's very pleased.
Tom Wicker and the Crazies seem appeased.
How strange, therefore, that in the Northern sequel
They're hollering for *Separate but Equal*.

W. H. VON DREELE

Memo to: all NR Readers

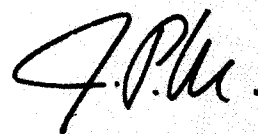
Re: This Christmas and how to solve your gift-giving problems quickly and inexpensively!

It really is getting close to Christmas now. (Of course every other publication we can think of began Christmas promotions long ago -- in fact, I'd swear that this year some of them started right after the 4th of July! No doubt they do it because they get more subscriptions that way. Heaven knows we need all the subscriptions we can get, but I simply can't bring myself to talk about Christmas when the temperature outside is 80°.)

So now is the right time to make your decisions about Christmas gifts. We think we have the perfect solution in National Review -- and, if you act now, you can still "shop early" and avoid the last-minute rush.

It really is a convenience to give NR to your friends (and you'll save money too!) There are so many reasons why National Review makes the ideal gift: it's a fast, uncomplicated, and sure way of pleasing all those "difficult" friends on your list; sending NR is an impressive way of expressing your Christmas greetings to business associates, etc. and it lasts the entire year. National Review is the good choice all the more so this year because of the upcoming presidential elections, when NR's incisive coverage of the political scene will be more valuable than ever.

So why not make some people happy this Christmas (including us)? The price is right: just \$10 for each gift.* It's as easy as taking a moment now to fill out the handy postpaid card opposite this page. We'll bill you later if you prefer, but the important thing is to act now in time for Christmas. The card provides space for three gifts; if you want to send more, just add the names on your own stationery. We will acknowledge all gifts (in plenty of time for Christmas if you act now) via a handsome gift card in your name. These low rates are in effect until Christmas only, so please mail the card opposite this page today. Many thanks and Merry Christmas!



*P.S. Rates apply to regular NR readers only. All others, \$12 for the initial subscription (your own, or first gift), \$10 for each additional gift subscription. Please add \$1 for Canadian, \$2 for all other foreign postage. Thank you.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Taking a page from the Nixon book, the South Vietnamese government is planning some showmanship of its own. Saigon tentatively plans an incursion into Laos or Cambodia during early December to coincide with the next phase of American troop withdrawal. This time, sources close to the Pentagon reveal, the South Vietnamese army will be more alone than ever, with less American logistical support available to it. The Thieu regime thinks the incursion will help prove that it can stand on its own, and it could have the added effect of relieving pressure on the Lon Nol regime in Cambodia.

■ Senator Edward Kennedy is said to doubt any Democrat can beat President Nixon in 1972. This would explain his warming up to Hubert Humphrey, whose recent California successes make him look increasingly viable as a candidate. Humphrey is known to want Kennedy for his 1972 runningmate. A recent Kennedy visit to Minnesota, arranged by Humphrey's colleague Walter Mondale, brought the former Vice President and Kennedy together for an amiable chat, and led to increased speculation about a possible alliance. Kennedy would have little to lose by being the Vice Presidential candidate on a Humphrey ticket, though he continues to deny interest in such a role. The main negative factor would be personal danger, a problem that is worrisome but hard to assess. The

pluses include the possible effect of taking second place as a sort of in-party atonement for Chappaquiddick and the possible use of the Vice Presidency as a launching pad.

■ Democratic Party would-be reformers are considering a fourth-party effort in 1972. Reform strategist Ken Bode is pessimistic about the influence of doves, blacks and others at the '72 Convention and may opt out of the party structure to lead a major revolt. Bode, the arch-rival of National Chairman Lawrence O'Brien, managed the unsuccessful bid of Harold Hughes for Credentials Committee Chairman and was George McGovern's floor manager at the 1968 Convention. Now Bode, widely respected as a skillful putter-together of last-minute campaigns, is thinking about the post-1972 Convention possibilities.

Bode's hopes for a leftist-reform fourth party may have gotten a boost from the withdrawal of Senator Fred Harris from the Democratic race. Harris' ostensible reason for backing out was money: He is \$40,000 in debt and has few backers. But in withdrawing Harris refused to back any other Democratic hopeful, and said he would not now commit himself to backing the Convention nominee.

Harris is now considered a possible standard bearer for a fourth-party effort, should it materialize. Hughes is another potential candidate, although he is still smarting from his Credentials defeat. He is said to have been stung

by the stand of party bigwigs that a reformed alcoholic shouldn't run the Credentials Committee. The one-time Hughes-Muskie alliance seems to be breaking up—Hughes was not getting enough out of it. So Hughes and Harris now stand as prime possibilities for a Bode-managed fourth-party movement.

Former Senator Eugene McCarthy might be persuaded to head a fourth party. But McCarthy intimates, including such one-time strong McCarthyites as former Alaska Senator Ernest Gruening, say the 1968 youth-dove idol remains as Delphic as ever on whether he will make the race. And Bode is impatient. He wants a candidate who is at least tentatively committed now.

■ The President's Commission on Population Growth will issue its report next March, but indications of its contents are already available from recent testimony by Executive Director Charles Westoff before a Senate subcommittee. The report will recommend a national policy aimed at stabilizing population. The middle-of-the-road document will not recommend compulsory measures; Emphasis will be on voluntary restraint. The Commission has taken its time and had, in fact, been almost forgotten by most lawmakers until the recent Westoff appearance. But the recommendation of a population policy is thought to be a possible plus for the President, who will face an ecologically minded electorate in 1972. —CATO

Past the uniformed guards and into the Delegates Lounge. Almost one o'clock, it's jammed. The sun pours through the long window that overlooks the East River and the Upper East Side. The bar is jammed. Delegates, reporters, guests, friends—glasses in hand—cluster in groups that form and reform, looking earnest. The insiders point out the celebrities. There's Ambassador Baroudy of Saudi Arabia who made the long long pitch for Nationalist China during the ouster debate. That's the Soviet second in command. The head of the UN press association scurries around trying to muster support for the Nationalist Chinese reporters who may have their UN press credentials lifted. A lot of motion back and forth. The phones along the south wall of the room are all manned. Earnest conversations all from the serious expressions on the faces. A mellifluous woman's voice over the loudspeaker punctuates the conversational hum. Will Ambassador so-and-so please . . . Will the press spokesman for, please . . . Will Mr. you-know-what . . .

Cynics maintain some delegates have themselves paged so they can be seen by all rushing out, purposefully, to confer with the mighty, to make those decisions that matter so much within the confines of this world within worlds that is the United Nations—that are so seldom noticed in the real world beyond.

A conference room, an oval theater on the lines of the Harvard Business School. You note that Qatar is alive and well in the United Nations. You've spotted the nameplate. Qatar is one of the Trucial States, you are told—you do know about the Trucial States? The desks, nameplates in front, earphones arranged, pad and pencil, ashtray, a glass and, on each desk of this particular committee which is—one supposes—to meet this afternoon, a small pitcher of ice water, the ice still clinking against the sides. Sometime in the recent past most of the plaques identifying the countries have been moved, like musical chairs. Zaire has taken its place next to last in the line, just before Zambia. Zaire was Congo (Kin-

shasa) which was Congo (Léopoldville) which was Congo (Belgium) which was before that, long before, the place where Stanley met up with Dr. Livingstone. So Congo (Kinshasa) skips to the penultimate desk and everyone else after it—Costa Rica, Cuba, Cyprus, Czechoslovakia, Dahomey, Denmark, Dominican Republic—moves up one.

For a couple of weeks the world press does stop to note what goes on at the UN. Not the desperate financial situation which is critical, to be sure, but the political votes: 109 to 2 against apartheid in South Africa, 106 to 2 to condemn the United States for its decision to resume buying chrome from Rhodesia (with the United States, for Pete's sake, abstaining).

Words, words, words, as Professor Higgins would say—a useless time-consuming irresponsible word game we should get out of. Daniel Moynihan, special United States delegate to the United Nations General Assembly this year, has summed it up after six weeks' experience: The UN is debating Engels and things as vital to the present-day world as that, he says, "when there has been a disaster in West Bengal of proportions the world has no name for yet." And "who rushed to the scene with help?" he asks. "We did. Why? Because we're such a no-good, genocidal, imperialist, rotten fascist regime, that's why!"

—PLB

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Thank you for your interest in my pornographic novel [June 1].

In answer to your questions: yes, there is a happy ending and, yes, the *New York Times* does appear again. I quote from my working notes:

"Our 23-year-old Women's Lib sociologist together with the entire staff of the *NY Times* emerge from the bank vault in the morning. All are mentally and physically exhausted as a result of a wild sex orgy. Meanwhile, back at the ranch, the *Times* offices are in a uproar: Nothing has been written for the day's issue, nobody can remember where the AP and UPI machines are at (they haven't been used in years), and they can't get John Gardner on the phone.

"Just in the nickle-dime, a third-assistant copy boy (PhD Economics, Chicago) reaches into his locker and fishes out one copy each of *NR*, Vol. XXII and *The Collected Short Verse of Milton Friedman*. These he gives to the head typographer who sets the presses rolling.

"The *Times* hits the stands and the literate, semi-

literate and liberal populations of New York, having become mentally conditioned by the *Times*, see no inconsistency with previous editorial policy and believe every word faithfully. As a result, they storm the Mayor's Residence, only to find that His Honor, on advice from the *Times* staff, has run off to Chile with that 23-year-old sociologist.

"The *Times* staff quits in protest, so the third-assistant copy boy becomes managing editor and the city lives happily (and conservatively) ever-after."

Well, that's my plot. Any comment, criticism or contemptuously that you might offer would be greatly appreciated.

And are you interested in writing the foreword? Your Humble Servant,

Michael Veseth

I wouldn't miss it for the world.

—WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Re: D. Keith Mano's review of WFB's *Cruising Speed* [Oct. 8], even supposing the book doesn't deserve better treatment, its author certainly deserves better than the same sort of slavish, uncritical praise which is so typical of the apostles of McGovern and Nader.

Mr. Mano says, "perhaps we have asked too much" of Bill Buckley. Rather, I suggest we have asked too little, and, worse, have tended to be satisfied with it. What WFB has given might be more than sufficient coming from lesser men and minds; too often, of late, it has been far from the best of which Mr. Buckley is capable. What the hell are we, to be sated by his victories over such unarmed existences as Vidal, Mailer, Schlesinger fils, et al.?

WFB, slipping dangerously close to self-induced despair, asks, ". . . how will I satisfy *myself* tomorrow . . . ?" has already answered his own question in the earlier quote, ". . . though I do not spend much time in conscious introspection . . ."

Bill Buckley, aided and abetted by the blind worship of his "best friends," has been hovering on the verge of committing a culpable sin through abusing one of the country's really fine minds and compassionate souls. He is not moving at "cruising speed." He is running flat out, racing against time and events. In the process, in addition to risking the "burn-out" he fears, he is also doing what is for him a superficial job on too many things. Better he should adopt the attitude of Senator Buckley and concentrate on doing his best—which strains one's imagination—in a few carefully chosen areas.

There, now, even though his "best friends" won't tell him, and I've never so much as met him, I have a sneaking feeling that I regard his full potential more highly. I hope he doesn't fritter it away on visceral triumphs; there really isn't enough of it around. Sincerely yours,

Richard F. Gibbs

How do you know what I accomplish under pseudonyms?

—WFB

The Protracted Conflict

THE DOMESTIC AID PROGRAM

A NUMBER OF normally separate currents converged to produce the Senate wave that swamped the Administration's foreign aid bill. Liberal senators had a chance to express their distaste for military aid grants included in the omnibus measure. Professional internationalists want the U.S. to channel aid funds exclusively through UN and other international agencies. Conservatives object to foreign aid as a giveaway from which the nation gets nothing but trouble in return. All the senators feel the isolationist mood that has been spreading throughout the country. And all of them were in one degree or another indignant at the "ingratitude" just displayed by so many foreign aides in the UN's Taiwan showdown.

Then too, all the senators knew in their hearts that they weren't *really* killing off foreign aid, since some sort of bill would be revived and slipped through Congress; so that it was possible under the circumstances both to have their political cake and eat it.

Foreign military aid is fairly simple and straightforward. Every great power and many lesser powers have always gone in for it and doubtless always will. The objections, when examined beneath the accompanying rhetoric, are not to the principle of military aid, which is in reality merely an extension of the national security system, but to its being allotted to disapproved nations: e.g., in the present period, as the objectors see it, to Greece, Spain, Pakistan or Haiti, because they have bad governments, or to Cambodia, because the big proposed military aid grant there may drag us into still more Indochinese jungles.

Foreign economic aid is more complex and confusing, however, because public discussion of it is confined to ideology and neglects underlying and operative realities.

Ideology of Aid

On the ideological level, advanced nations, and especially the U.S. as the richest nation, are said to have a moral duty to extend economic aid to underdeveloped nations in order to help them increase the well-being of their people. This doctrine assumes that the aid will

in fact serve the morally approved purpose of increasing the well-being. As a bonus, the founding ideologues of foreign aid promised that it would hold back Communism in the recipient nations and ensure their friendliness toward the U.S.

Whatever may be the status of our moral duty in this matter, a generation of experience has proved that the factual propositions linked to it, and serving to make it attractive, are false. It is not true that giving foreign aid stops Communism or keeps nations friendly; in many cases it helps produce an opposite result. And it is now clear from experience, as some intelligent economists predicted in advance, that it is not necessarily true that aid will in fact increase the well-being of the recipient nation. It is more likely, the evidence shows, to slow, weaken and sometimes wreck the nation's development.

Commenting on the Senate's vote, Nigel Lawson wrote in the *Times* (London): "Foreign aid for economic development has, over the years, demonstrated an almost unrelieved failure to achieve its ostensible objectives. . . . No objective study of the economics of the world can show any correlation whatever between flows of overseas aid and success in economic development. The one contrary example usually quoted, Marshall Aid to Europe after the war, is irrelevant, since it concerns the recovery of an already developed economy. . . . Countries are more likely to achieve development by standing on their own feet."

These conclusions coincide with those reached by perhaps the foremost authority in this field, P. T. Bauer, Professor of Economics at the London School of Economics. Carrying forward studies published in articles and monographs, Prof. Bauer has completed a vast historical and analytic book, *Dis-sent on Development*, that will appear

a few months from now. Its thesis: foreign economic aid is more likely to retard economic progress than to promote it.

If this is so, and if the record demonstrates it beyond the doubt of reasonable men (if they are willing to look at the record), what accounts for the extraordinary survival ability of the aid program—which actually includes several billion dollars more annually than are lumped under the foreign aid bill? The answer becomes clear when we look behind the ideology.

Foreign aid does not (generally speaking) achieve its ostensible objectives, but it *does* serve the interests of three identifiable forces, two of which exercise powerful leverage on U.S. policy.

The first is the foreign-aid bureaucracy itself, together with the State Department bureaucracy of which it is a part and in a looser way the government bureaucracy as a whole. A permanent foreign-aid program provides jobs, many of them well paid, lots of perquisites, and the power that a hand in a multibillion dollar kitty brings, to thousands of people. For them, their families, friends and associates, the program is a prize well worth battling for. If it were shut down, they would be out in the cold. Therefore their howls when Congress gets balky. In the indignant chorus that followed the Senate vote, it was—not surprisingly—the President's voice that led all the rest.

Feathers for the Nest

Second there are the thousands of U.S. companies that end up getting most of the appropriated money. The aid program is good and profitable business for U.S. corporations, as their Washington lobbyists do not forget.

(There are also officials and businessmen of the recipient nations, who wangle plenty out of the program even if their countrymen don't. But this category exerts only indirect pressure in Washington.)

In short, what is in truth at issue is not a foreign but a domestic aid program. As everyone knows, a domestic aid program, once born, lives forever. □

Governor Robert Meyner was puzzled. How come a nice Catholic boy from a working-class background liked Barry Goldwater? The author's 'how come' explains a lot about recent elections

Confessions of a Street-Corner Conservative

WILLIAM F. GAVIN

IN 1961, my senior year at Jersey City State College, I represented my school on a local television program in which students from the New Jersey state colleges were to question then-Governor Robert Meyner in a Meet-the-Press format. Before the program began, we met briefly with Meyner and I happened to mention to him a policy then advocated by Barry Goldwater. Meyner leaned across the table and with evident concern said: "But . . . you're not one of *his* followers, are you?"

I mumbled that, well, gee, you might say that; I do, sort of, like *some* of the things Barry says. Meyner stared at me for a second or two. He didn't grimace or blink or even shake his head. He just stared. He was probably wondering how a denizen of Jersey City could ever have even heard of Barry Goldwater, let alone embrace one of his policies. It was, to him, a sin against nature, Northern New Jersey-style.

Before and since that meeting with Meyner I have been asked how anyone who comes from a working-class* background, who was born and raised in Jersey City, who for eighteen years lived in city neighborhoods integrated to a degree that would have delighted the heart of Eleanor Roosevelt, and one whose life was changed at the age of sixteen upon discovering the works of James T. Farrell—in short, how anyone like me can be a *real* conservative?

I think my background is similar enough to that of many street-corner conservatives. Perhaps somewhere in my own experiences is a clue to understanding the quiet revolt of a quiet generation.

*Working-class is, of course, jargon, but I don't know any other term that comes closer to describing the economic and social status of my family.



There are times when I think "conservatism" is the wrong word to describe the philosophical and political position of the kind of urban voters who put Jim Buckley in the Senate. If it is a form of conservatism it is not one based on the traditional conservative values of property or social class or locality. It is "reactionary" since for many of my generation its original impulse was in reaction to the liberalism which permeates the campuses and the media.

Conservative Chic

What, then, is this kind of conservatism? The Conservative Party in New York is its obvious political symbol. It is not Middle American, a term I always associate with Mom and Pop sitting on the shady porch somewhere in southwest Kansas; it is not ethnic, a term that accentuates origins rather

than principles; it is not hardhat, although it certainly includes many of those who call themselves hardhats.

I leave the answer to metaphysicians and scholars and talk-show hosts. My astounding and satisfying conclusion is that my kind of conservative has certain intellectual *tendencies* and that the liberal has *other* intellectual tendencies. Take a key concept like political power. A conservative's first tendency is to be skeptical of it, while a liberal's first tendency is to wonder how to use it. This doesn't mean that conservatives don't use power when they think they should or that liberals aren't sometimes skeptical of power. It simply means that in the ordinary course of things, those tendencies are at the heart of decisions made by liberals and conservatives concerning "political power."

It is as if Studs Lonigan's children had now come of age. They have attended college and see that Studs' simplistic Roman Catholicism will no longer do. They remain true to the principles Studs didn't understand and Danny O'Neill rejected and have discovered that these values, far from being bigoted and narrow, are legitimate and human ways of looking at and understanding—and changing—the world.

I attended parochial grammar and high schools in Jersey City. After high school I went to work for the Westinghouse Elevator Division in Jersey City

William F. Gavin was a speechwriter in Mr. Nixon's 1968 campaign and a White House aide for the next few months. He is now Assistant Director of the USIA (Public Affairs). His first article, ever, was published in NATIONAL REVIEW in 1960 when he was a student at Jersey City State College.



with no thought of going to college since no one in my immediate family had ever attended college. I worked in Westinghouse as a clerk, in the office and in the shop, for almost three years.

In 1955 I entered the Army and spent two years in the States. Upon separation in 1957 I entered Jersey City State College.

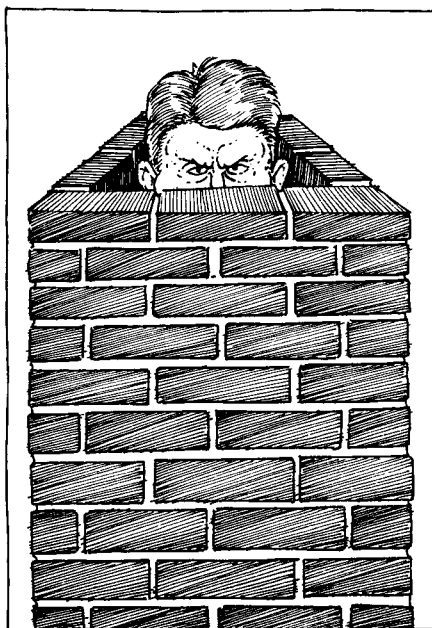
It was during my second year in college that I discovered conservatism. Like most young men of my background there was a temptation to adopt not only the style but the substance of the professors, who, with some notable exceptions, worshiped at the feet of establishmentarian liberalism. Their arguments were sophisticated, knowledgeable, witty and often directed at exposing the error of those students still bogged down in what they obviously felt was a benighted Jersey City mentality.

The liberal academic sees the working-class youth attending college as one in need of intellectual first-aid in order someday to overcome the philosophical deficiencies of a Catholic, working-class background. In short, the influences of church, family and school that form the student must be exposed for what they are: unsophisticated, vulgar, bigoted and, in certain cases, dangerous to an open society. Once the student sees that what he has taken for granted all his life is ridiculous, that educated men simply don't *believe* those things, then the professors can begin the work of guiding the shriven convert to the Higher Understanding of Liberal Thought.

The trouble is that many students, I was one, resent this treatment. The professors preach political and social variety, the need for free choice, individual freedom of expression, but reading lists are uniformly liberal, lectures are based on liberal texts and any question that even hints that the student is still tinged by the evils of his pre-college past are greeted with either sophisticated derision or, worse, condescending solicitude. ("You've got a good mind, Gavin, but you need more reading." *Reading what, sir?* "The reading list. It covers all shades of political thought, from Schlesinger to Galbraith.")

What never occurs to the academic is that the blue-collar kid sitting in front of him has, since birth, been taking in, almost by osmosis, some of the world's most profound and basic philosophical principles. At the most basic level, any child who comes out of Catholic school has a philosophical view of reality. He may not know what ontology means but he has learned that there is something called matter and something called spirit and that though it may be difficult for his college philosophy teachers to entertain such a medieval idea, it is an idea that happens to have a long and distinguished history. Most liberal academics do not even acknowledge that his view of reality is a philosophically valid one; they merely chalk it up to Catholic education and proceed with Truth (which usually means that there is no such thing as "truth" which, in turn is a philosophical position at odds with what the kids know to be . . . true).

Gradually, without ever really decid-



ing to, I began to question liberal dogma. With liberals, everything is open to question, except, of course, liberalism. When the U-2 incident occurred, our history class assignment was to read and discuss an ad in the *New York Times*, a full-page mea culpa for snooping on our peaceloving Communist friends. We were expected to question U-2s, not those who denounce U-2s.

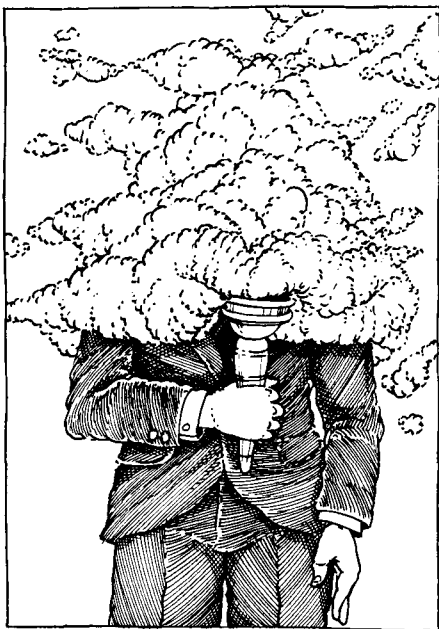
I began to neglect the liberal line of the classroom and read on my own. And the more I read, the more I was convinced that the unexamined patriotism of my family, while un-chic in the eyes of intellectual sophisticates, was, upon reflection, based on a fundamental principle of conservatism; that my religion, to many liberals an authoritarian organization similar to Communism and fascism in its desire to chain minds, has in its moral teachings the bulwark of Western civilization; that the pride of my family in our Irish heritage was not vicious ethnocentrism to be hated or ridiculed, but a blessing to be praised. . . . I discovered, in short, that I had been a kind of conservative without knowing it.

Typecasting

There are some conservative tendencies, however, I find distasteful, as characterized by the following types:

1. *The Conservative as Eighteenth-Century Freak.* He can't stand the twentieth century. He doesn't think much of the nineteenth century either. But the eighteenth has certain charms (those countryhouses were delightful), and people knew their places. A few thousand pounds a year, his wool spun for him by olde family retainer and he would spend the rest of his days reading Edmund Burke, in a Latin translation (this type loves his Latin). He hates cities, all mechanical objects and any group of over ten people. A good education means Latin and Greek, a smattering of the Bible and perhaps a dash or two of the Book of Common Prayer, and *discipline*. He likes people to tip their hats and mind their manners. He loves little things and hates big things. When you ask him to name his favorite novel, he'll say *Sense and Sensibility*. And every now and then he wonders aloud why so many young Americans think conservatives are irrelevant.

2. *The Conservative as Economic Tough-Guy.* No nonsense, this fellow.



Either you make it or you don't. You cut the mustard or fall by the wayside. Name an economic cliché and this guy has used it six times, this week. Conservatism to him means property and property means money and them that has gets and them that don't, don't, and sure as hell, don't deserve any of *his* hard-earned money. He sneers at those who don't understand the value of a dollar, and at those who do understand the value of a poem. He knows what the world is all about and if you haven't met a payroll what the hell do you know about it, sonny? Every now and then he sighs and wishes that the coming generation would have enough sense to convert to his way of life.

3. *The Conservative as Individualist.* A bit of a crank to most people, he sees himself as the last outpost of individualism in a world of creeping collectivism. He is so individualistic he doesn't want you to be what you want to be; he wants you to be what he wants to be, i.e., a man apart. Anyone who applauds a movement or program that has been created by and that will appeal to or benefit more than one person, he scorns as a member of the pack, living by the herd instinct. He hates all government, especially big government. In fact, he hates *anything* big. In this regard he resembles his Eighteenth-Century Freak conservative brother, but the individualist hates bigness just because it is big, not simply because it is modern. He hates unions, taxes, movies, jazz, rock, television, the telephone, cars and crowds. He writes letters to the news-

papers in which he demands to know why all young people don't recognize the values of individualism in the same way he does.

4. *The Conservative as Keeper of the Flame.* You are at a cocktail party and you mention that once, in a moment of weakness, you had a moment of admiration for Bobby Kennedy's courage. The Flame-Keeper pins you to the wall and demands to know if you fully understand what you are saying. Bobby Kennedy? My God, man. This guy has memorized every conservative position on every political and social subject since the death of Edmund Burke and woe to him who deviates from The Conservative Line. He hasn't changed an opinion in thirty years and every now and then he complains that leftist kids today don't have open minds.

Then there is *Young Conservative Playing Bill Buckley* (5), complete with winking, blinking eyes, almost-British accent and darting tongue. The trouble with this role is that there is, alas, only one Bill Buckley and imitations of his style very often make the would-be imitator sound and look like early Ronald Colman with a twitch.

If conservatives are that bad, why don't I join the ADA and be done with it? For one thing the conservatives I know and admire and respect are not at all like the caricatures I have mentioned above. For another, quite simply, I've found the basic principles of conservatism to be consistent with what I still jokingly refer to as reality. And where did I learn those principles? Not



most certainly from my college reading lists. I learned them from: NATIONAL REVIEW, John Henry Newman and Athanasius of Alexandria (for the record I discovered Athanasius not through my papist upbringing but only years later, in, of all places, Gibbon!), C. S. Lewis, Evelyn Waugh, T. S. Eliot, "Dover Beach," John Courtney Murray's *We Hold These Truths*, 1984, from Walter Lippmann's neglected masterpiece *The Public Philosophy* (What's a nice conservative like you reading a guy like Lippmann? Read the book and you'll know), from the paradoxes of Chesterton and the skepticism of José Ortega y Gasset, from everything that has taught me to respect reason but not to worship it, from the teachings of the church and the examples of my family and from dozens of people, liberal and conservative, who have either demolished me in arguments or who have led me to sources which gave me a chance to come back to the fray better prepared.

Watch Out, Meyner!

Street-corner conservatism is based on the discovery, usually in college (but rarely in college classes), that the unarticulated political and social beliefs of a working-class, Catholic family are not the foolish superstitions the liberal college professors believe them to be, but, instead, are the simple and specific examples of complex and universal principles which are at the root of order and progress in the Western world. It might be best put this way: Although it is highly unlikely that my grandparents ever heard of, let alone read, C. S. Lewis or Edmund Burke, the general thrust of my grandparents' lives had its impetus in the same basic principles articulated by these great champions of philosophical conservatism. In discovering I was a conservative, I discovered that I wasn't turning my back on the beliefs of my parents or the values of my urban neighborhood-type upbringing. Indeed, I was reaffirming in a different, more complicated way, the barely understood, never discussed, but always present philosophical premises that were held by my family and my friends and my neighborhood in Jersey City. Contrary to what others claim, I have found conservatism to be my natural philosophical home. If I ever again meet Robert Meyner, I'll know how to tell him so. □

THE WRONG ROAD

*Our expert on affairs Down There assesses
the chances for democracy and/or capitalism in
Latin America, and finds them pathetically slim.
It's our fault—but only partly our fault*

What Drives Latin Americans Left?

SELDEN RODMAN

MY WIFE, who has accompanied me on my travels to most Latin American countries except Brazil, invariably comes home with the same refrain: "If I lived there, I'd be a Communist." Since her political-economic philosophy is to the right of mine, this always shocks me a little. After our last trip, I asked her to elaborate, and this is the gist of what she said:

"Capitalism doesn't work in Latin America because the Latin character is repelled by the two concepts on which capitalism rests: industry and saving. The few wealthy businessmen in each country sit on the coast and live like feudal lords. If there's any money left over, they don't reinvest it as true capitalists would, but put it in Swiss banks for fear that the Communists will someday take over. This leaves only two sources of financing: the American 'imperialists' and the government. American investment today is unacceptable—largely for emotional reasons. Latin Americans are tired of being 'colonies' of the 'Colossus of the North' and made to feel inferior by the insensitivity of the American businessmen who live among them. But there is a valid economic reason too. The capitalist, of course, makes his profit, and Latins fail to see why that cut should go abroad. Now that American investment is being expropriated or phased out in most countries, the government is the only supplier of capital. So two options remain. Under state capitalism (Colombia, Venezuela, Argentina, Brazil) the oligarchies survive with limited power. Under state socialism (Cuba, Peru, Bo-

livia, Chile) the primitive economies are managed to indulge the masses, who got nothing out of oligarchic free enterprise. Both systems are horribly inefficient compared with genuine laissez-faire capitalism, but it's pointless to talk about that. You can't have capitalism without capitalists. At least under the second system the governments can survive without the constant threat of be-

in demagoguery. What is there to vote for but bread and circuses? No more than 10 per cent of the people in these countries have good homes, steady jobs, productive farms or savings. What has the other 90 per cent got to lose by choosing state socialism? And what, for that matter, has the literate 10 per cent got to lose by becoming the functionaries who will regiment the masses in their new revolutionary state?"

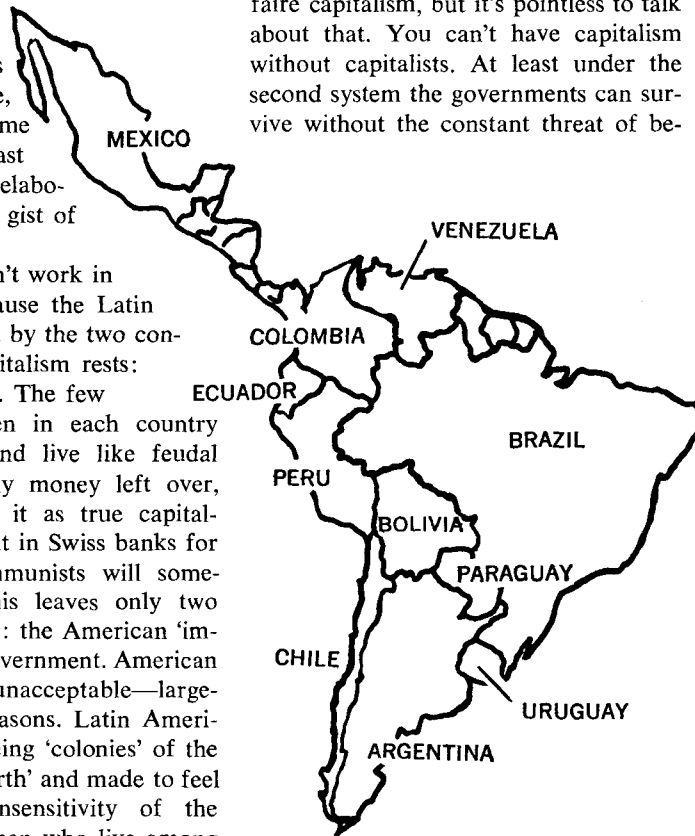
The Poverty Train

The two countries that seem to have the best chance of avoiding this dismal choice and achieving either capitalism or democracy (can democracy exist without capitalism?) are Brazil and Colombia.

Venezuela and Uruguay, to be sure, have free electoral systems that seem to work, and standards of living as high as any in Latin America, but both face uncertain futures.

Venezuela has a smaller gap between the entrepreneurial class and the desperately poor—perhaps 20 per cent have achieved some degree of affluence in Venezuela—but the only thing that has so far kept Venezuela from falling back into the pattern of military dictatorship that has marked most of its history is its immense wealth in oil and the strong labor movement that grew with the export of oil.

Uruguay seems to have reached the breaking point. It attempted to achieve a democratic welfare state without industrial development. Having no natural resources, and with only 2 per cent of the land cultivated, there was nothing to pay the mounting bill for social security, free medical care, vacations with pay and early retirement on pensions for most of its three million people. In-



ing overthrown—no small advantage in Latin America.

"One more point. The benefits of a democratic society—freedom to move, to speak freely and to operate under security of the law—are primarily reaped by a vigorous, adventurous middle class. But in Latin America such a middle class doesn't exist. When the majority of the people have no stake in the system, no economic rights to protect, even the freest election will result

flation followed as the night the day. Had the Communist Tupamaros not lost their Robin Hood image by killing their victims, they would probably have taken over Uruguay by now—by acclamation.

Colombia is the best balanced of all the small or medium-sized Latin American countries—and the best governed in the post-World War II decades. It is rich in mineral resources, and well endowed with oil; its grazing lands and jungles are almost limitless, and at least in one region (Antioquia) it has spawned a class of businessmen outside the Latin American norm who work and save and spurn the bureaucracy of the federal government. Although Colombia's government is of, by and for the oligarchy, it has been remarkably liberal in allowing an open society and encouraging foreign investment; and it has survived thus far by the brilliant device of alternating the rule between its dominant (and hitherto violently irreconcilable) Conservative and Liberal parties.

But Colombia, with this shuttle system of governments scheduled to end in 1974, shows signs of slipping back into the classic pattern. Though birth control is surreptitiously encouraged by the state, the growth rate (Latin America's highest) still threatens to double the population every twenty years. In the election of 1970 a so-called Conservative coalition embracing every disgruntled element from the military fascists to the Communists, came within a few thousand votes of ousting the official Conservatives backed by the outgoing Liberals. Headed by an aged, discredited military dictator, this "leftist" coalition nevertheless almost won because the oligarchic system had failed to include the majority of Colombians in its carefully controlled, slowly developing capitalism. The Colombian majority—landless, jobless or underemployed, as throughout Latin America—was simply tired of waiting for the train to arrive and came close to tearing up the tracks.

In Brazil, this problem of a political derailment doesn't exist. For one thing Brazil is bigger and richer and its GNP is growing far more rapidly than Colombia's. More importantly, Brazil has an

authoritarian government already—a government committed to the same sort of industrial development—and no organized opposition in sight. The military government is accepted in Brazil partly because the constitutional regimes that preceded General Castelo Branco's 1964 "revolution" were so corrupt and wasteful, and partly because Brazilians have always accepted the military as impartial mediators between economic self-interest and political chicanery.

Unions, political parties, student organizations and the Church were weak in Brazil long before Castelo Branco ousted João Goulart. Now subjected to strong controls and lacking the outlets in the press and on the airwaves that they once had, these sources of opposition have atrophied. Moreover, the huge Indian population outside the political economy that has retarded the growth of countries like Bolivia, Ecuador, Peru, Colombia and Guatemala does not exist in Brazil. Nor does the strong feeling among intellectuals that American business exploits this weakness and in so doing holds back the development of mineral and agricultural wealth. Brazilians feel that they are strong enough to accept American help without succumbing to it, and that once they catch up they will be dealing with us on an equal basis.

Military Governments

Many of the other Latin American nations had turned things over to the military long before Brazil. But the military were able to govern effectively only with the consent of the governed.

Paraguay, the second smallest country in South America with the second lowest standard of living, has been governed for sixteen years by a military dictator who permits only opposition of his own choosing. But his unrelenting and often bumbling efforts to modernize Paraguay meet with the favor of the poorest and most numerous people in the country, the peasants. General Stroessner's popularity depends not on the thirteen thousand-man army, but on a political party, the Colorado, organized down to the precinct level in every *campesino* community. Because of this, his enemies concede, Stroessner would win 65 per cent of the vote in a free election.

In Argentina, Generals Onganía and Levingston were removed by the armed forces because they had been unable to control the inflation, strikes and student

riots wracking the country. General Lanusse, their sponsor, who took over himself in March, recognized the dilemma. The majority party of Argentina is still Perónist, and Perón was a populist dictator—pro-labor, anti-American and hostile to the oligarchic capitalists with their foreign orientation. It was significant that General Lanusse's first speech as President promised to "Argentinize" business and that his first official act was to appoint as Minister of Social Welfare a Perónist champion of labor and the unemployed.

Instant Heroes

Once the military, as in Peru and Bolivia, chose to popularize their dictatorships by appropriating the leftists' ideology, 'democratic capitalism' had no chance. Only Chile—with a long tradition of constitutionalism and a strong political party of the center (the Christian Democrats)—gave promise of reversing the pattern. But when President Eduardo Frei, after six years in office, moved too slowly against the big landowners and foreign mining interests to prevent his own followers from being radicalized by the Left, that possibility vanished.

I lived for many months in Peru, Bolivia and Chile, before and after the collapse of their moderate regimes, and I saw what happened. There was no Communist conspiracy that amounted to anything in any of the three countries. There was no more and no less anti-Americanism than one could find in any country dependent economically on North America. There was an astounding failure on the part of the Americans in all three countries to cope with this sentiment and do anything about it. And finally there was little inclination in the freely elected governments to make the free-enterprise system work or to popularize a democratic alternative to Marxist authoritarianism.

Peru. Nothing looked promising in the Peru of 1966 except President Fernando Belaúnde Terry. The Indians, more than a third of the population, were completely outside the economy as they had always been, but they were beginning to migrate to the coastal cities in hordes and build rings of shantytowns around them. Only the hated International Petroleum Company (IPC), the native sugar barons at Trujillo, and a handful of oligarchs who owned the primitive industrial complex

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along the coast, were prospering—and the oligarchs were depositing their earnings abroad as their fathers had before them. I had an opportunity to talk with Belaúnde on his presidential yacht off Callao, and I suggested that the redistribution of land to the Indians be speeded up by negotiating a loan from the United States to cover payments.

He smiled grimly. "Your country is doing as little as possible to help. The State Department is blocking us at every turn."

It was true. Even then our aid to Peru was being cut to a trickle in an effort to force a settlement with IPC—not necessarily on IPC's terms, to be sure. But what a piece of political ineptitude, if in the process it cost us our friend in Peru, one of the handful of committed democrats in the hemisphere? I mumbled lamely that Peru had received \$200 million in aid, and that our Congress would surely not appropriate more with the expropriation of IPC a possibility. "I don't have to remind you, Mr. President, that our Congress is bound by an amendment to the Foreign Aid Bill to stop all assistance if that happens."

"I know," Belaúnde had replied bitterly, "but we are not going to be pressured into a settlement either. Politically speaking," he added with a smile, "it would be so much easier for us to nationalize our oil fields, wouldn't it?"

"Much easier, and much wiser perhaps, Mr. President, because right now you're not pleasing anyone—not IPC, not the American embassy, not your people. If you nationalized the fields you'd be pleasing the Peruvian nationalists and undercutting the Left, wouldn't you?"

"We're bending over backward to be agreeable to the United States," he said.

"Don't bend too far. I'm sure most Americans would rather see IPC sink without a trace than have to deal with a Peru headed by the Miro Quesadas or the army of the Communists."

He laughed, and I laughed, but it was no laughing matter. And two years later, when I talked to him at Harvard, Professor Belaúnde was blaming only the army for having acted treasonably and the politicians for not having stood by him.

Were we being used as a scapegoat? Of course. No Peruvian ever asked why President Leguia sold Peru's oil fields to an American company in the first place—or what he got paid for it. We were

the ready-made villain. It didn't matter that IPC explored and tapped vast new Peruvian resources, that higher wages were being paid at Talara than anywhere else, that most of the profits went to Peru in taxes. IPC's personnel lived their own lives indifferent to the native culture and lifestyle, with their own golf courses, swimming pools, English-language newspapers and schools. General Velasco knew perfectly well when he ousted Belaúnde that he had only to nationalize IPC to become an instant hero. He did so within the week, and it



worked so well that he kept right on going. Next came the sugar barons. And then the depositors, standing by sheepishly while the police opened their boxes to reveal those tell-tale Swiss slips.

A Communist plot? The Communists were as unprepared for Velasco's *golpe* as the oligarchs.

Bolivia. One of the reasons Che Guevara got nowhere in Bolivia—apart from failing to learn the local languages and thoroughly antagonizing the local Communists—was that he chose to operate in the only country in South America that had already had a social revolution. Tin had been nationalized and most of the land distributed among the peasants in 1954, so the *campesinos*

didn't give Che a single recruit. Anti-Americanism in Bolivia was always confined to a very small minority of hardcore Marxists. Why, then, was Gulf Oil expropriated by Owando in 1969 without arousing any opposition in Bolivia?

I've already reported in these pages ("Bolivia: Friend or Foe?" Nov. 17, 1970) on the failure of that company to appreciate Bolivian sensibilities and traditions; and the strong feeling even among our friends in the government that our massive "aid" programs shy away from financing industries that could make Bolivia independent of foreign capital. No attempt, furthermore, was made to acquaint the public with the origin of the millions of dollars worth of roads, bulldozers and farm machinery that were received, as virtual gifts.

While the anti-Communist, nationalist military regime that took over in August desires "friendly relations" with the U.S., it has no intention of rescinding the Gulf action, which President Col. Hugo Banzer Suarez regards as "irreversible."

Some Hope

Chile. Latin American education, which makes Latin America Latin, may be exemplified in the case of Chile. As in the other countries, instruction is by rote, useful information is not part of the curriculum, and a high percentage of college graduates are prepared only for the law—the last profession Latin America needs. ("The man of culture," a Colombian professor remarked, "does not involve himself in machines, manual work or practical activities.") Where the universities are autonomous, Marxist theoreticians thrive, their theories subjected to no empirical testing. But their revolutionary passions are most congenial to a student chafing against the authoritarian discipline of a *macho* father and confronting an uncertain future in an elitist society already oversupplied with lawyers. To train for the subversion of these societies is fun—some students like it so well they make a career of being students—and it may also offer the only chance of making good in the world outside. In Peru under Belaúnde several of the universities had Communist rectors, and all of them turned out a preponderance of Marxists—though Marxism had almost no other adherents in Peru. The same was true

(Continues on page 1369)

We can preserve the humane society, as opposed to the effete society, says the author, only if we have the strength of character to do what may seem unnecessarily harsh. In the case in point: to retain capital punishment

A Wistful Goodbye to Capital Punishment

DONALD ATWELL ZOLL

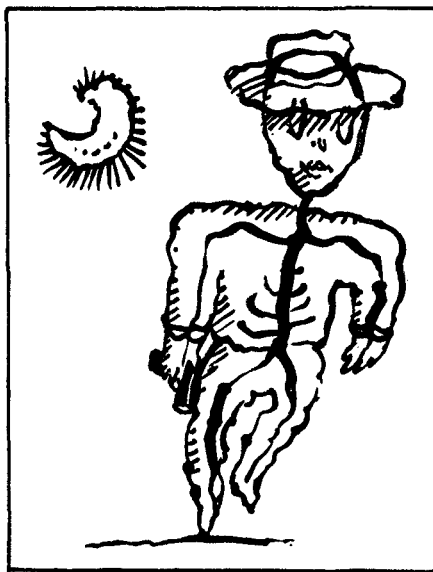
AS I COMPOSE these remarks I am told by my colleagues who specialize in predicting the near-occult peregrinations of the United States Supreme Court that it is their view that the Court is moving inexorably toward the abolition of capital punishment, striking it down under the authority of the Eighth Amendment as a "cruel and unusual punishment" (such cases are pending) or, possibly, on the basis of the "equal protection" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment.

The question presently before the Court asks whether capital punishment ought to be abolished on the grounds that it is a "cruel and unusual punishment." It must be said at once, it seems to me, that the Court's conclusions in this regard are not apt to turn on the intent of the authors of the Eighth Amendment, since it would appear, *prima facie*, that in their view the death penalty was an acceptable judicial punishment.

Constitutional Considerations

What, then, are the wider issues? It certainly cannot be argued that the death penalty is an "unusual" form of punishment. Quite the contrary would appear true: Capital punishment, for good or ill, is an almost immemorial punitive device. Is it to be considered "cruel"? The answer is undoubtedly yes, in a general sense, but it could be argued that all punishment is cruel. Life imprisonment is cruel (perhaps, under certain conditions and for some persons, crueler than the taking of life).

But the term cruel in the Eighth Amendment appears to refer not to the death penalty in abstraction, but to the specifics of the technique of punishment. The line would appear to be



drawn as to whether the death penalty is executed with the clear intent to exact a lingering physical torment upon the victim, thus staking out a man over an anthill or flaying him alive are manifestly "cruel" in this more explicit sense. Clearly, forms of execution in normally civilized societies are devoid of any intent to inflict torture in addition to death, e.g., the gas chamber or the electric chair. I, personally, view these above-mentioned forms of execution as sordid rather than cruel and their sheer technological ingenuity deprives them of the more melancholy dignity of the gallows or the firing squad. Obviously the appellation cruel refers to explicit physical travail and pain methodically induced, as with flogging or branding, but not necessarily with deprivation, as, indeed, deprivation of liberty and life.

It can surely be argued that concepts of cruelty are culturally articulated or that they must be appraised in a cultural setting. But this is a matter of de-

gree. The gladiatorial combats in the Roman Empire (even if voluntarily engaged in) were cruel within the general context of the meaning of the term, but the same might be said of pugilistic exhibitions, admitting their lack of lethal intent. An analogy might be drawn from the "humane" treatment of animals, a factor very susceptible to wide cultural variation. While differences of view exist regarding what might constitute cruel treatment (torture, abuse or injury), no one would allege under certain sets of conditions that it was not justifiable to end the animal's life, an act hardly to be deemed cruel.

In no way can the death penalty be construed as cruel within viable contemporary cultural conceptions of the term. Other arguments can be made against capital punishment, as we shall see, but the allegation of its being an act of socially intolerable cruelty seems without substance.

Another possible constitutional consideration is the argument that capital punishment ought not to be allowed under the "equal protection of the laws" doctrine contained in the Fourteenth Amendment. It is asserted by some that a disproportionate number of persons from the depressed ethnic and social elements of the population receive the death penalty; in sum, that the use of the death penalty is discriminatory. One would be obliged to show, in making this argument, that the disproportion claimed is indicative of overt discrimination, as against the possible conclusion that comparatively larger numbers of persons from these circumstances

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commit capital crimes. But let us accept, hypothetically, that argument, which amounts to an admission that the administration of criminal justice is either flawed by conspiratorial bias or that factors (such as the quality of procurable legal representation, the social status of the accused, etc.) result in inequities prejudicial to the poor and to ethnic minorities. Even assuming this conclusion to be valid, the argument is against the proprieties of the judicial process, not against the justifiability of capital punishment. Precisely the same argument could be made with equal applicability to a situation in which the death penalty was disallowed in favor of life imprisonment, fines or any other type of punitive act. The general argument is irrelevant.

More formidable are arguments made against capital punishment on moral grounds or upon the irrevocability of the act of execution. The moral argument can take a number of forms, including a blanket contention that the taking of life under any consideration is reprehensible. This position clearly faces the issue of whether the state can legitimately exact the deprivation of life of its citizens by a comprehensive denial (to include the insistence that citizens need not participate in the common defense).

Is Punishment Justifiable?

The difficulty with this pacifist contention is that in denying the right to take life, it implicitly rejects the right of self-defense, a right of much significance if such a defense is constrained either by a refusal to save one's own life at the cost of another or, indeed, the use of force over-all in the defense of one's person. It appears frankly aberrational that the human being will not kill in his own defense or in order to save the lives of members of his immediate family if faced with this inevitable choice. If it is admitted that the taking of life in self-defense or the defense of loved ones comports to a rule of nature, it is then a question of where the lines of legitimate killing are to be drawn. In the defense of the community or the state? To end unendurable suffering? As a punishment for crimes of the greatest magnitude?

Consequently, some argue that killing is not necessarily immoral, per se, but capital punishment is immoral, because it is killing for the wrong reasons. The

argument goes that the proper purpose of penological arrangements is either to rehabilitate an erring member of society (obviously excluded by capital punishment) or to isolate dangerous individuals from society, but that other forms of punishment are simply motivated by a spirit of vengeance.

Vengeance may not be, indeed, an enlightened moral attitude, but this argument presumes to castigate capital punishment not on ethical grounds, but rather because it rejects punishment as a valid sociological technique. The urge to punish may be, as Nietzsche among others contends, indicative of either a neurotic personality or an envious enthusiasm for retaliation on the part of the inferior types, but the evidence for such a surmise is lacking. Rather, it is thought by most students of the human psyche that the willingness to punish is reflective of high concern and even love, provided it is rational punishment, presumably corrective or protective, and not simply abuse induced by emotional instability.

A more impressive argument rests on the assumption that punishment is justifiable, but capital punishment is an unethical form of it. It is presumed to be lacking in ethical justification, because such an act is beyond recall, irremediable and involves intolerable jeopardies to the innocent. The contention that the judicial system may err must be admitted and in the case of capital punishment it is a non-correctable error and the unwarranted death of an innocent man is a drastic affront to fundamental moral concepts.

One can go further and speculate that in the long history of the death penalty there likely have been instances of the execution of the innocent. This realization has every right to weigh upon the collective conscience, as, indeed, must also the needless loss of life ensuing from erroneous military orders or medical malpractice. That the judicial system, like the military or the medical, does not perform flawlessly is to be lamented, but conceded. Thus, any defense of the maintenance of the death penalty in the face of this line of argument must rest on a concept of tolerable risk, sustained by some evidence of palpable advantage to be gained by its retention. It is no doubt true that no innocent men would die by official sanction if the death penalty were abolished. This may not, however, represent the total issue. If, for example,

the deterrent argument, which we will examine momentarily, has any force then it could be replied that the abolition of the death penalty could lead to a greater loss of life among the innocent: the victims of the homicidal acts. In short, the rebuttals to the argument of the irrevocability of the death penalty turn not upon a critique of its coherence, but upon the assertion of beneficial consequences, in one form or another, that follow from the use of capital punishment.

An Eye for an Eye?

The supportive arguments on behalf of capital punishment finally reduce, I think, to three:

1. The Deterrent Argument

Much argument has been expended in interpreting the empirical data collected in regard to the deterrent effects of the death penalty. It is certainly the case that the forms of crime contemporaneously connected with capital punishment (especially murder and treason) do not readily conform to nominal patterns of criminality. The motivations for extreme crimes of "passion" or "conscience" do not have the same determinants as other criminal acts. All in all, the data pertaining to the death penalty's deterrent impact are inconclusive. However, the advocates of abolition often cite this inconclusiveness as a justification for abandonment on the grounds that it is ineffectual in restraining this form of criminality.

There appear to me to be two serious difficulties in the abolitionists' case against capital punishment as being inefficacious as a deterrent to major crimes. The first is that in recent times a "self-fulfilling prophecy" mechanism is applied to the death penalty as a deterrent. By this I mean that it is awkward to assess the deterrent potentialities of the death penalty since that penalty has not been employed adequately as a deterrent technique. The assault on capital punishment has been sufficiently widespread as to cripple partially the deterrent potency of the death penalty. The very considerable legal difficulties in actually executing the condemned criminal, the presumption of the anticipated abolition of the death penalty and the increasing unwillingness of juries and judges to employ it, plus the general retardation of judicial process have all contributed to blunting the deterrent impact and yet the empirical

data secured (and employed by the abolitionists) have been largely collected during an era in which these factors were affective.

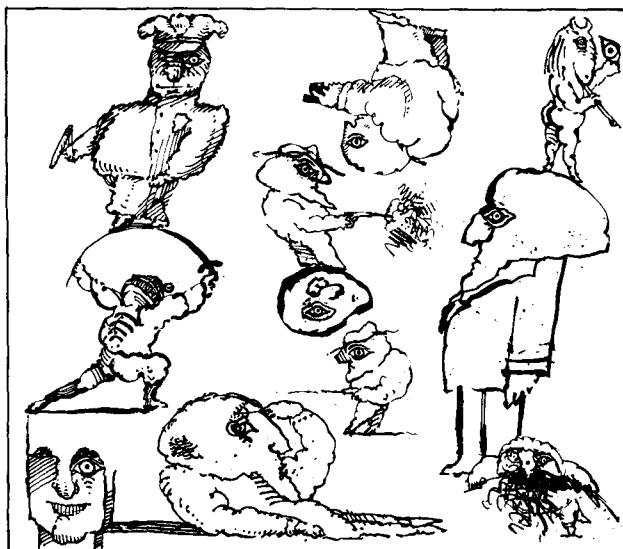
It would be interesting, on the other hand, to acquire empirical findings vis-à-vis the deterrent effects of capital punishment in a situation where the death penalty was more overtly used for deterrent effect. Would the death penalty operate as a significant deterrent if the potential murderer knew full well that the consequences of his act would lead inexorably to his execution? No deterrent effect. Would the death penalty of passion" are often the product of mental aberration in which a rational grasp of cause and effect, the reality of consequences, is lost. But it may be assumed with some historical precedence that Aristotle was accurate in maintaining that men behave civilly out of fear of punishment—provided that such punishment is justly administered and both reasonably resolute and swift.

Of course, in most recent experiments in the abolition of capital punishment the deterrent factor has not been totally abandoned, as in Britain and Canada where a distinction exists between "capital" and "noncapital" murder, the former referring to the felonious killing of police officers and prison guards and murder committed while engaged in the commission of an armed crime. The assumption is that some deterrent is advisable in the case of the police, since violence against the official sanction of the police is a more threatening act and police personnel require, by virtue of their occupation, some additional protection.

This seems a reasonable point of view, but it is also obvious that a murder of a policeman is no more morally offensive than the killing of anyone else. If the death penalty is seen as a deterrent to killing police officers, why would it not be a deterrent to killing of a private person?

The relationship between the death penalty and the police, secondarily, has an additional scope. We are going through a period in which vicious attacks on police have risen markedly—sufficient to warrant Presidential attention. The mood of the police in this regard is understandably testy. If de-

prived of the deterrent features of the death penalty, it might be argued that the frequency of these attacks might increase. Lamentable as this would be, on the face of it, it could likely provoke some undesirable reaction on the part of the police, among which might be a temptation to become self-appointed executioners, to promote execution in the streets in lieu of its application in the courtroom. We have seen in Latin America the phenomenon of the "death squads," composed of off-duty policemen who resort to terrorist executions as a means of thwarting the activities of criminal politically motivated terrorists. I do not envision such an extreme situation developing in the United States, but the abolition of the death penalty, as deterrent, could encourage



less restrained and unsanctioned forms of retaliation.

2. The Retaliation Argument

It is a principal characteristic of social life that the individual renounces several prerogatives, some of which might be described as having natural origins. Among these are forceful self-defense (except, *in extremis*, in the absence of agents of the state) and personal violent retaliation. Retaliation is still recognized by the common law, but it is exercised by civil authority, not in terms of individual vengeance. Indeed, private violence is renounced in favor of institutionalized violence (utilized by various forms of police). Such a conception of the individual renunciation of prerogatives in favor of the social covenant is not merely a vestigial remain of a fanciful contract theory, nor does it rest, conversely, on an affirmation of natural law, but arises out of the organic char-

acter of social life, as has been argued at least as early as Cicero.

In refraining from the exercise of private violence and retaliation, the individual presumes that the state will act in his stead, an obligation that the civil community assumes. The matter of private violence and retaliation is inextricably bound up with a group of criminal acts against the person so inordinately horrible and rapacious that their commission provokes a virtually inevitable retaliatory response. The sexual violation and murder of a child, for example, undeniably triggers the motive of vengeance in the father. It may be certainly true that private retaliation is intolerable to social order and that vengeance is not an admirable moral posture if invoked by anything but the most calamitous provocations.

It is also apparent that certain monstrous injuries inflicted upon one's immediate fellow humans with whom one shares the deepest bonds of affection both stimulate and merit retaliatory action, a precept countenanced by ancient practice. Indeed, traditionally the crime of murder has been considered a crime committed against the entire community, deserving of communal retaliation.

If the state fails to act as a retaliatory agent, it may be remiss, but does this mean that the state is required to take the life of the transgressor as a retaliatory act? In some instances I think it must, if the enormity of the crime requires a response that is not adequately met by imprisonment or other penalties. In discussing crime, and by implication capital punishment, the plight of the victim and by extension his immediate family has been given woefully little attention. The crimes now punishable by death are acts of unmistakable ferocity and their commission cannot be rationalized by the extenuating arguments applicable to other forms of crime. They violate the most fundamental tenet of community: the violation of the intrasocietal prohibition against murder. The savage and unprovoked killing of an innocent victim cannot be assuaged only by the incarceration of the perpetrator; he has robbed the victim of his most precious possession, life, and recompense can only be made by the forfeiture of his own. Involved is a concept of the most

elemental justice that no civilized convention can adequately dispell. We would be wise not to attempt to do so.

3. *The Moral Indignation Argument*

The crimes punishable by death are not only crimes against the victim and his immediate relations, they are crimes against the social body, both in terms of the violation of the primal social ordinance and the imperative of social preservation. An example of the latter is treason, a fundamental affront to the society as a whole as well as endangering its continued existence. The punishment of these most gross offenses—murder and treason—as forms of criminality abhorrent to the most rudimentary precepts of community must reflect the severity of society's moral indignation. In view of the extreme nature of these offenses, it seems persuasive that social moral indignation cannot, in most instances, be satisfactorily exhibited by forms of punishment short of the death penalty. Can society's revulsion be adequately expressed, say, in response to the depravities of Charles Manson and his cultists by sentencing them to life imprisonment? Their victims' lives were cruelly snuffed out, but confined for life Manson and his followers are yet able to partake of many of the human satisfactions so brutally denied to the slain. In prison, Manson and his confederates could still see the sky, taste, converse, read and perform a host of human processes they terminated in others by their bloody crimes. The cord of mercy wears thin in these circumstances and cannot be made to hold against the expression of disgust and social opprobrium that demands that Manson and others like him suffer a fate, if less horrible than that of their victims, that is equally final.

'Permissiveness'

While, on balance, the case for the retention of capital punishment seems, to me, considerably more persuasive than its counterarguments and, also, the prohibition of the death penalty by constitutional injunction seems invalid, it appears very probable that the advocates of abolition will have their way. I would not presume to try to plumb the causes of their zeal for abolition that appears to fly in the face of reason and experience. But it is altogether fair and appropriate to speculate on the reasons why the Supreme Court *might* elect to do away with the death penalty.

Certainly it will not reach this decision, if it does so, on the basis of precedence or interpretation of the framers' intent. More likely, it will engage in an exercise of "balancing"—that rather egregious euphemism for expedient compromise. An important factor in the past exhibitions of "balancing" by the Court has been the disproportionate entertainment of a notable fallacy: the assumption that the "free" or "more civilized" society is more free and more civilized to the extent that it is more permissive. Such a contention underlies the rationale for the abolition of capital punishment.

This notion is fallacious for a host of reasons, but permit me to discuss only one. Idealized conceptions of society invariably stress the absence of harshness and the presence of gentleness and congeniality. It can be assumed, therefore, that in the "good" society harshness is held to a minimum, if not totally excluded, and human relationships will be characterized by docility, peacefulness and even tenderness. In a very real sense such an idea of the good society is true; surely, a society notable for indocility, violence, antagonism and a lack of compassion would be rightly viewed as undesirable and conceivably of an inferior type.

But there is a temptation to pose a false dilemma: a choice between a social order comprehensively harsh and a social order invariably gentle and unrestrictive. The fact of the matter is that, in order for society to maximize the values of peace and docility, it may be required to be selectively harsh toward that end. One might well divide harshness or suppression into two identifiable types: a harshness imposed with the aim of permitting a high degree of social peace and a harshness arising from licentiousness. The social permissiveness rightly sought by a society pertains to creativity, individual expression, the tolerance of dissent, opportunities for self-development and the security of legitimate personal prerogative. It is not a permissiveness that holds permissiveness in itself as a good or fails to distinguish between permissiveness instigated toward desirable social ends and its converse.

In replying to John Stuart Mill's blanket endorsement of the absence of restriction upon human action as conducive to self-development, James Fitzjames Stephen, in *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity*, makes an altogether telling

point: He argues that an absence of restriction *in itself* does not increase individual potentiality (in terms of originality, creative vigor, judgment etc.), but that this can only be enhanced by an increase in the intrinsic resources of the person, such improvements, by implication, aided by the existence of restraints, if only to concentrate rather than dissipate individual energies.

To Maintain Society . . .

In somewhat different terms, there is a very appreciable difference between a *humane* society and an *effete* one. A humane society is a compassionate society, but compassion is only significant in terms of justice, of a sensitivity to the valid claims of men which rest upon the restraints on usurpation, aggression and terror. The humane society does what is required to preserve its incorporation of humanity. The effete society suffers from a paralysis of will—and civilized enlightenment has never been characterized by a dormant or lethargic will.

A confused appreciation of the meaning of the "permissive society" tempts many to exclude from it all vestiges of harshness, whatever they may be, from abolishing the death penalty to discarding the use of grades in schools. The death penalty or school grading systems ought not to be retained merely because they are uncompromising, but because they serve desirable social ends, if, indeed, they do. The issue should turn on the social benefit and not on the superficial quality of the practice or the response it may elicit.

Capital punishment ought not to be abolished solely because it is substantially repulsive, if infinitely less repulsive than the acts which invoke it. Yet the mounting zeal for its abolition seems to arise from a sentimentalized hyperfastidiousness that seeks to expunge from the society all that appears harsh and suppressive. If we are to preserve the humane society we will have to retain sufficient strength of character and will to do the unpleasant in order that tranquility and civility may rule comprehensively. It seems very likely that capital punishment is a necessary, if limited factor in that maintenance of social tranquility and ought to be retained on this ground. To do otherwise is to indulge in the luxury of permitting a sense of false delicacy to reign over the necessity of social survival. □

Land of the Free

ANOTHER MODEST PROPOSAL

LET US CONTINUE to explore great social problems that might be eased by the use of voluntary cooperation—the free market—rather than coercion and violence. Right now there is a tremendous controversy over the allocation of a certain product. Some people have more of it than they want or need. Others don't have enough of it. There is a law against the one group selling their product to the other group. As a consequence, some people are actually driven to the point of committing murder.

The product is babies. The law regulates adoption. The murder is abortion.

There is a hampered free market, the so-called black market. The intrusion of the law has actually slowed the "legal" exchange of babies. A California adoption agency placed only 6,503 infants last year, down from 8,056 the year before. Massachusetts agencies placed four hundred, down from seven hundred (I am quoting from a recent article in the *Wall Street Journal*). In order to get around the government restrictions, shady lawyers and "unethical" doctors drive a high-priced trade in babies. One lawyer (again I follow the *Journal*) arranges to procure babies for wealthy clients, clients who have visited the adoption agencies but are unwilling to wait for four or five years (government "rationing" at work!). The lawyer will "deliver" in two months. His fee (which is, technically, illegal) is about three thousand dollars. The buyers will also pay a modest and "legal" legal fee plus the mother's medical expenses. This particular lawyer handled 55 such cases last year, pocketing \$165,000 in "legal" fees. Like all operators in an illegal market, he is waxing rich, charging extortionate prices, doing what a free market would do better and much more cheaply. And more humanely (see below).

Why not try freedom? Let's establish the Dean Swift Memorial Adoption Service, a business run for profit, dealing in babies. It announces its stock in trade: BABIES BOUGHT AND SOLD—BEST PRICES!

There will be objections. How inhumane to "buy" a baby! I agree that it is commercial. But the alternative is worse. The alternative is abortion, as

things go these days. If not abortion, the alternative is a baby being reared in a home where it is unwanted. If not that, then the baby is sold secretly (these days) through illegal channels to "customers" who may or may not be acquiring the baby for "moral" purposes. After all—what's to guarantee that a *black market* won't sell babies into slavery?

If baby brokering becomes a normal commercial business, all sorts of benign reforms become automatic. Swift Adoption advertises that it wants babies and will pay the mother's medical expenses plus a goodly fee for the baby itself. The abortion rate will drop dramatically. The purchase contract will permit the mother to keep her baby if she falls in love with it; in which case Swift Adoption will ask her to pay her own medical expenses. If the baby is defective, Swift Adoption will go through with its part of the purchase contract anyway, and a foster-home system operated by the Healthy Baby Insurance companies would take the child.

We can tot up the advantages, point by point, for the interested parties.

Protection of life: the mother is far more likely to avoid serious medical problems if she has her baby "legally" and if the expenses are underwritten; the child's chances of healthy delivery improve from subnormal to normal; the parent's chances of getting a healthy child improve from subnormal to normal; the state is neutrally affected. *Cost:* the mother's cost is reduced; the child is not affected; the adoptive parents' cost is reduced; the state's cost of foster care is almost sure to be reduced. *Social tranquility:* the mother's mental anguish is reduced; the child's chances of finding a loving home are increased; the adoptive parents' longings are more easily satisfied; the state is unaffected. *Respect for law:* all citizens are benefited by a reduction in extra-

legal activities; the state in particular rests more surely on proper foundations when conflict between legality and morality is reduced.

Objection: married couples might sell their unwanted children. *Reply:* better than killing them. Better an adopted child in a welcoming home than a "natural" child held captive by unloving adults.

Objection: married and/or unmarried women might "go commercial" to produce babies for profit. *Reply:* the market price of babies will drop to far lower levels than the black-market prices of today, and the purely mercenary incentive will be minimal. The price will settle at the scavenging level—sufficient to clear the markets of supplies brought about by chance, insufficient to attract "new enterprise."

Objection: infants might be sold into slavery. *Reply:* less likely when the transaction is open and "legal" than when it is covert and questionable. Also: mothers will have a choice of agencies to sell their babies to, and will almost always sell their children to agencies that have the best reputation. As to those who prefer to sell their children into slavery—they are doing it right now, to some extent, for lack of a legal market for their children. The sale of children into slavery would be reduced.

Objection: this treats human beings as items of property. *Reply:* each of us owns himself. An adopted child, if he desires to "run away," should be able to purchase his liberty by reimbursing his parents for their purchase price. The "going price" of liberty could apply to "natural" children in "their own" homes too. The sense of individuality, the fact of not being enslaved, would be enhanced, would it not?

It is the present system that is crass, brutal, mercenary and inhumane. A voluntary cooperation among those who do and those who don't want babies would infinitely magnify the area of gentleness, love and humaneness. □

William F. Rickenbacker is editor of the Rickenbacker Report, an investment advisory service and publisher of the Financial Book Service.

FRANK S. MEYER

Principles and Heresies

ISOLATIONISM?

IT SOMETIMES HAPPENS that a series of actions, brought about by differing forces and differing motivations, reflect when taken together an underlying drift of events, an underlying motivation independent of the surface reasons for these actions. So, in the past few weeks President Nixon, presumably for reasons associated with the internal American economic situation, suspended the convertibility of the dollar and imposed a 10 per cent import surcharge, while a little later an alliance of liberal-to-radical senators—motivated primarily by opposition to the war in Indochina—and conservative senators—motivated primarily by the UN expulsion of Free China—combined to defeat the foreign-aid bill.

Perhaps the international monetary situation will be compromised in due course and the import surcharge reduced or eliminated; and the Senate has already restored a portion of the foreign-aid funds. But the significance of the original action remains. In a few short weeks the sharpest of blows were struck at three of the pillars of the American-designed international settlement created after World War II: the Bretton Woods system, GATT and American foreign aid. If one adds to that the weakening of our ties with Taiwan, congressional calls for reduction or elimination of our European garrison, the slow decay of NATO, the retreat from Vietnam, a definite pattern emerges.

That pattern, that trend, has been described as a development of neo-isolationism. But isolationism is not an accurate description of what is going on—or rather the term isolationism has been used to cover a number of different phenomena over the past half century. Undoubtedly one element of the phenomenon in each period in which the term has been used has been isolationism in the purest sense—a prevailing American desire, running back to Washington's Farewell Address, to keep aloof from the power struggles of the world, primarily of Europe, and to concentrate public policy on internal American needs. But as America has grown more powerful in this century, as its weight in the world has made it a decisive force in international affairs, this

pure isolationist element of the phenomenon repeatedly subsumed under isolationism has decreased. Instead, the divisions between so-called isolationists and their opponents have in actual fact more and more reflected differences of opinion not as to whether America should be involved in world affairs, but as to how it should be involved.

FUNDAMENTALLY the issue has been whether the liberal view of American foreign policy, with its predominant predilection for international organization at the expense of American interests, should prevail, or whether American foreign policy should be based on American interests and be deeply involved in world politics only when those interests are threatened by a foreign power. Consider the three periods to which the term isolationism has been applied—the period directly after World War I, the period just before World War II and now again today.

After World War I the issue was posed by Woodrow Wilson's messianic and abstract dream of a utopian world settlement. The American reaction against it primarily reflected not the desire for isolation at all costs, but rather a realistic understanding of the actual forces in the world at the time and the unreality of Wilsonian rhetoric. Harding's much mocked-at "normalcy" reflected simply a turn away from the ludicrous Wilsonian crusade and a return to the world of reality.

The political struggle on the eve of our entry into World War II has usually been described as a struggle between interventionists and isolationists. But once again, such a description confuses the issue. In this case it would seem that both sides were partly wrong and partly right. What they were in disagreement about was fundamentally not whether the United States should turn its back on the world situation, but rather whence the danger came and where the main enemy was. The inter-

ventionists saw that danger in Nazi Germany and, by and large, denied the Soviet danger. The isolationists concentrated on the Soviet danger and tended to deny the Nazi danger. Their positive understanding of the Communist threat was brushed aside with the results (from which we are still suffering) displayed in the way in which the war was fought and the peace was made.

What is happening today is rather more complex. In the first place, the world situation is different than it has ever been before. The United States is the only country in the world with the power to confront the Soviet Union, and the Soviet Union is devoted to a policy of domination of the world. This is the stark underlying reality of international politics since World War II. Secondly, most of the force of our political, intellectual and media leadership has been and is being devoted to obscuring this central fact. Despite this, however, we have over these 25 years carried on a half-hearted and inconclusive policy of resistance to the Soviets, at enormous expense to the American people in both blood and treasure. But the reason for these sacrifices, the stark imperative of survival, has never been made clear. Rather, resistance to Communism has been only mildly and apologetically asserted, while great emphasis has been laid upon one-world utopianism, exporting democracy, and generally acting as social worker to the whole world.

The mood of the country today reflects a revolt against decades of this doubletalk. It is not in its essence isolationist, whatever the motivations of the men like Fulbright who capitalize on it. But the confusion grows with Nixon's rhetoric of détente, with the sickening spectacle of the Madison Avenue hoopla over Red China, with the SALT talks and the development of trade with the Soviet Union, with our growing armament deficit.

The true issue is not isolationism; it is not whether or how far we extend our alliances and our protective cover; it is whether we face up to the sheer threat to our survival, whether our leaders make clear the danger of Communism and the need to refurbish our armaments before it is too late. □

BOOKS

FDR's Missus

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Eleanor and Franklin: The Story of Their Relationship Based on Eleanor Roosevelt's Private Papers
By Joseph P. Lash

Norton, 765 pp., \$15

"Majesty and mischief," so William S. White summed up the public service of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. The phrase keeps running through one's mind as one turns the pages of Joseph P. Lash's packed, emotionally stirring and nostalgia-laden *Eleanor and Franklin*. FDR used the "missus" for his own ends, which were often complex to the point of deviousness, and she used him, though in a far more candid way. Their purposes, both for good and for ill, ran together more often than not. When I was much younger I felt that their buoyancy had turned the U.S. back from the brink of collapse, which may or may not have been true. But husband and wife in the White House shared the same incredible naïveté about many things, from economics to Stalin, and, while the New Deal may have had its temporary use, the verdict is not yet in: maybe the Roosevelt years have laid the basis for our permanent loss of character as a nation. Collapse may have been merely postponed.

The great deficiency of Mr. Lash's book is its lack of even a spoonful of the salt of skepticism. Before going into that, however, one must pay tribute to Mr. Lash's skill as a biographer. It is impossible not to be moved by the human story he has to tell. There was the uncertain and frightened girl, niece of "Uncle Ted" Roosevelt but an orphan among the Oyster Bay branch of her tribe. She was bedeviled by her own feelings of inadequacy, her sense that she had been unwanted by her mother (who died young), her half-realized knowledge that there was something wrong with her father (he was an alcoholic), and her conviction that she was ugly. With her Uncle Ted in mind, she tried to be duty's child, and she made much of the tender letters she received from her father Elliott Roosevelt after he had been banished to drink himself to death. She lived with her Hall relatives at Tivoli on the Hudson; when she visited with the Roosevelts, who were generally gay and ebullient, "Eleanor," as her cousin Corinne recalled, "was just sad."

What saved her (aside from her native gumption) was being sent away to school in England, where she impressed the headmistress of Allenswood, Mademoiselle Souvestre, with her "purity of heart." It was Mlle. Souvestre, a remarkable exile from France, who

pushed Eleanor into patterns of leadership and into a concern for public affairs. Back in America after three happy years, the ugly duckling could really believe it when her cousin Franklin from Harvard and Hyde Park sought her company because she had "a very good mind."

But, in building her own self-esteem and finding her own place in the world, Eleanor had one more crisis to overcome. She had borne six children when,

as wife of Assistant Secretary of the Navy Franklin Roosevelt, she discovered that her "gay cavalier" husband had been having an affair with her social secretary, Lucy Mercer. Mr. Lash, permitted to use family information that had only been hinted at during FDR's life, touches gingerly on the Lucy Mercer episode. It had gone far enough for Eleanor to offer her husband a divorce, an offer which Franklin didn't take. Mr. Lash can't quite explain FDR's decision to break off with Lucy, but it could have been for a mixture of motives. Franklin Roosevelt had great political aspirations, his strong-willed mother Sara might have cut him off, he had his own children to think of, and Lucy Mercer, a devout Catholic, might have thought twice about marrying a divorced man.

DID ELEANOR keep her love for Franklin after the Lucy Mercer revelation? What did she think when Lucy turned up at Warm Springs just before Roosevelt's death? Joe Lash can't tell us; all he can do is to offer the surmise of



Eleanor's friend Esther Lape, who said: "I don't think she ever stopped loving someone she loved." What we do know from the Lash biography is that the Roosevelts patched it up in time for Franklin to run for Vice President in 1920. Eleanor pulled Franklin through his polio, acted as his political stand-in during his long convalescence, learned the ins and outs of trade unionism and women's participation in politics through many new-found friends, and, according to Frances Perkins, gave her husband the hardihood to reject Al Smith's guidance when he became Governor of New York in 1928.

The story that is told by Joe Lash, with its new insights and its quotations from hitherto unused sources, is magnificent up to the midway mark. Then the tedium sets in. When the Roosevelts went to Washington in 1933 private life seems to have ended for both of them. The second half of the book undoubtedly casts many new lights on the course of the New Deal, but it takes on a sameness simply because Mrs. R became a creature of causes, living in her lectures, columns, ceremonial trips and meetings. Some of the causes were worthy, more of them were mushily utopian, but, whether good or merely impossible, they gave a rat-tat-tat quality to her life. FDR used the "missus" to test the acceptance of New Deal proposals. She became, in effect, a walking trial balloon. She was also the ambassador of the ultras to the White House, with her eternal prod that began with "But Franklin." She would have pushed her husband faster, but in the end he generally came to accept her councils. "I was one of those who served his purposes," she said after it was all over.

THE SOBERING THING about the second half of the book is the naïveté that it reveals about both of the Roosevelts. Eleanor brought Anna Louise Strong to the White House for lunch, and, says Mr. Lash, "evidently both Franklin and Eleanor enjoyed the conversation." But if people like Eugene Lyons or William Henry Chamberlin (who might have offered something less idiotic than Miss Strong's hearsay evidence "that it was Stalin who tried to the last to 'save Trotsky'") were ever invited to tell what they knew of Russia, it is not apparent from Mr. Lash's text.

Both Franklin and Eleanor, as Hudson Valley ruralists, wanted to bring about a better balance between city and

country life in America. But Eleanor's adventure with Arthurdale, in West Virginia, where she tried to set up unemployed coal miners on subsistence homesteads and bring a moneymaking industry to them, flopped because she didn't really listen to David Lilienthal when he told her that the TVA technique of demonstration, which merely provided an example for individuals to follow for themselves, was better than arranging everything from Washington. At a time when field hands were being "tractored off the land" by the newer farm machinery, the New Deal flooded the countryside with subsidy money that enabled the bigger farmers to buy more machinery and put more field hands out of work. Nobody warned the White House that this was hardly the best way to re-establish better rural-urban relations. No less a person than John Maynard Keynes tried to tell Franklin Roosevelt that you couldn't re-establish business confidence by beating investors over the head, or by raising wages faster than profits or prices, but who was there to support the Keynes contention? Certainly it wasn't Eleanor Roosevelt, who considered Walter Reuther a better adviser on how to increase employment.

When World War II was approaching its end, who was there in the White House to suggest that no durable postwar peace could be organized by victors whose philosophical principles were utterly incompatible? Certainly Mrs. Roosevelt, who had written that "theoretically . . . Communism could be achieved democratically," was not one to warn her husband about Stalin's intentions. Eleanor projected the same bland feelings she had had about the Communist-infected Youth Movement of the Popular Front period into her view of postwar possibilities. She had always felt, as she wrote to Anna Louise Strong, that "in theory, Communism was closer to Democracy than Nazism." It was always theory with Eleanor until it was too late. But this is the one aspect of her character that Joe Lash refuses to discuss.

Joe and his wife Trude were close friends of Eleanor Roosevelt and shared most of her opinions. So we may as well be grateful for what we have received, a book that tells us much about the formation of a gallant if frequently most naïve character. The criticism, in the nature of things, will have to be left to others. □

FICTION

The Tenants

By Bernard Malamud

Farrar, 230 pp., \$6.95

Maurice

By E. M. Forster

Norton, 256 pp., \$6.95

Meet Me in the Green Glen

By Robert Penn Warren

Random House, 376 pp., \$7.95

A BALANCED TICKET

D. KEITH MANO

Bernard Malamud, E. M. Forster, Robert Penn Warren—something for everyone. A balanced ticket: Jewish, British, Southern (well, Border State at least). A fascinating convocation of traditions, one living, one honorably dead, one in an unpleasant state of rigor mortis.

The Tenants. Give me a page of Malamud in Braille and I can recognize it; also my fingers will laugh, Malamud's style is the most distinctive and efficient being written in English today. It is a style and an accented voice. It is pared of unnecessaries; of article adjectives, connectives, relative clauses. A grumpy, grunting, hopeless voice, packed with the humor of desperation. His vocabulary is the vocabulary of informal speech: there are none of Bellow's or Updike's exoticisms. Malamud does mouth-to-mouth resuscitation on clichés; he does it not occasionally but a thousand times per novel. Malamud is all easiness and power.

I present a convenient, quick example from "The Girl of My Dreams," an earlier short story. The hero is, at a certain point, disappointed in hope, deflated, miserable and Malamud says: "He stared unbelievably, his heart a dishrag." What is this, "heart a dishrag?" A simile? No heart or rag I have ever seen can apply. Symbol, image? Not precisely. Alliteration, onomatopoeia? Certainly not. It is Malamud's tone and style and easiness, not to be found under "literary devices" in *Warriner English Handbook*. It is sad, whimsical, simple, effective. In his new novel the style has been further refined. *The Tenants* is Malamud's best book and that, let me tell you, is saying a mouthful.

The best of his books and surely the most difficult of his themes—black-Jewish relations. Two writers work in a deserted, jungle-rotten tenement: Harry Lesser, the Jew, author of two published novels, but nine plus years on opus three; Willie Spearmint, the black, experimenting in agony on an autobiographical novel called tentatively *A Nigger Ain't S--t*. Malamud does a fine job with Spearmint's dialogue (if a honky reviewer dare presume to praise a honky writer for that). Lesser and Spearmint meet in all the ethnic dark alleys: social, sexual (they compete for the same ofay woman), economic, artistic. Pathetic dribbles of trust are dammed by fear and insecurity and sheer terrible difference. Malamud sees clearly, sadly. *The Tenants* does not have a happy ending. It cannot have one. The ending, whether real or surreal, is murderous, yet each "feels the anguish of the other." Small consolation: they are writers after all. Most blacks, most Jews are not.

Malamud evokes the jungle, the primitive again and again. There are several short dream sequences, a longer tribal marriage scene; at the end, as his antagonists close in, the tenement blooms with funky, tumid growths. Malamud means by this that tragedy in *The Tenants* is not caused by plot, nor by idiosyncrasies of character—it is the two races and their immitigable, unreconcilable uniquenesses. He feels them both, Lesser and Spearmint; he is almost evenhanded. Lesser's is the novel's point of view, perhaps the Jew receives more attention. Yet Willie Spearmint's pain is not of a perfunctory sort. And throughout, despite, because of, the reader is made to laugh. An astonishing achievement. I can think of no other novelist who could have pulled it off.

Unless liberals on the selection committee are offended by *The Tenants'* uncompromising honesty—and I doubt they will be, his credentials being what they are—there is another National Book Award set aside for Bernard Malamud. I will not demur.

MAURICE is a gentle sort of novel about homosexuals. Forster wrote it between 1913 and 1914. He arranged for posthumous publication because of British legal and social sanctions, because he feared a public intrusion into his life. As Forster says in his terminal note, "if it ended unhappily . . . all would be well, for [then] there is no

pornography or seduction of minors." Yet the upbeat, positive ending—which Forster insisted on, homosexual married life having such a bad press—becomes the novel's only unbelievable aspect. It has a cursory, fairy-tale "they lived happily ever after" resonance.

There is no swish in *Maurice*, no falsetto squeaks or garish costuming. With the exception, perhaps, of Risley (a character based on Lytton Strachey), this is a man's book about homosexuality. *Maurice* is also—and this represents a large part of its considerable charm—a love story of another era, chaperoned by pre-World War I, Victorian English standards. The first relationship, between Maurice and his Cambridge school friend Durham, is as chaste as Dante's love for Beatrice; they touch with metaphorical swords between them, their carnal knowledge restricted to hair tousling and an occasional kiss. The evolution of this long affair (which ends with Durham's conversion to women) is narrated with restraint and dignity and the tenderest insight. *Maurice* is the last love story of its sort—homo- or heterosexual. For that fact alone it would merit attention.

Forster chose his protagonist wisely. Maurice Hall is a dull dog: slow, insensitive, awkward, he is a most unlikely candidate for sexual deviations. Maurice is, in fact, cloddishly British; he resists abnormality with both natural indignation and sheer inertia. Yet he is trained patiently by young Durham and, in time, manages to surpass and shock his teacher as ". . . he sees the flesh educating the spirit . . . developing the sluggish heart and the slack mind against their will." This is the point of *Maurice*. Without homosexual drives, drives that made him an outlaw in England, Maurice would have become merely another callous, lumpish stockbroker. Homosexuality, Forster suggests, can elevate, can sensitize; it makes Maurice a lover; it makes him painfully alive. There may be truth in this. The high incidence of homosexuality among

artists and writers is a kind of empirical evidence. But which comes first, after all, elevation or perversion? And in the Seventies what elevation is there, when homosexuals, no longer outlawed, rant and unionize and pervert perversion with exaggerative acts? Forster's homosexuals are an ennobled people. But, as with automobiles and 5-cent egg creams, they don't make 'em like that any more.

MEET ME IN THE GREEN GLEN is a dull book, a carpetbag full of the usual Southern novel paraphernalia: a murder trial, small town bigotry and power politics, poor white trash with sexual skeletons cupboarded. Robert Penn Warren is a venerable American man of letters. He has always impressed me as a second-rate novelist living parasitically on the conventions and concerns made significant by the great writers of the Southern school. Certainly *Meet Me in the Green Glen* is predictable, overlong and, in many places, vulgarly sentimental. A woman's novel in the worst sense of the word.

Moreover Warren has the one-sentence paragraph habit. To my mind, a paragraph should develop some single thought or description. The one-sentence tends to give special, sudden, meretricious importance; it stands free on the page, a trick of modern poetry. If used once or twice per book it can be effective: used more than that it bludgeons. In the first section of *Meet Me in the Green Glen*, as his dowdy, desiccated heroine is made to bloom by Angelo Passante, a young Italian transient (his horrendous dialogue is chiefly, "Me no this, me no that") the one sentences flutter down like confetti. It is indicative of Warren's grim straining. Emotion is transfused into the novel by heavy artifice. For instance:

He knew it had all been crazy, that panic. *I fix pipe*, he said to himself. *Me, I fix*. If he just kept his mind on that, everything would be all right. [Italics Warren's]

But itsa no fix. And nothing's all right. □

Anthony Lejeune, NR's London contributor, has recently become editorial director of Tom Stacey, Ltd., publishers, London. . . . **Peter P. Witonski** teaches in the Department of History at Harvard. . . . **Stephen J. Tonsor** is Professor of History at the University of Michigan (Ann Arbor).

*The Grand Original: Portraits of
Randolph Churchill by His Friends*
Edited by Kay Halle
Houghton, 320 pp., \$7.95

WHAT IS THAT GENTLEMAN FOR?

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

By all the ordinary standards of this world Randolph Churchill was a failure—and worse than just a failure. As Malcolm Muggeridge puts it, many people would say that Sir Winston Churchill “belongs to history, and will be remembered as long as the English-speaking peoples, etc., etc.; whereas his son has been, in politics a nonstarter, in letters, no more than a privateer journalist, in society, a turbulent nuisance—an embarrassment to his friends, a gift to his enemies, and a brawling bore to neutralist or uncommitted associates.”

Mr. Muggeridge goes on to argue that, if he had to undertake a biography either of Sir Winston or of Randolph, he would unhesitatingly choose the latter, because worldly failure is much more varied and interesting than success. This view, so characteristic of Mr. Muggeridge, is perhaps too idiosyncratic, too paradoxical to be widely shared. But the existence of the large book which Kay Halle has put together,



let alone its tenor and the considerable interest which it immediately aroused in Britain, demonstrates that there was something remarkable about Randolph.

Freddie Birkenhead (F. E. Smith's son, Randolph's contemporary and himself a most distinguished biographer) once spoke in a television interview of “Randolph's friends—a dwindling band,” but here they all are, paying him

in their various ways wry tribute and doing so with manifest affection. They make a glittering assembly, ranging from the economist Roy Harrod and the poet John Betjeman to Harold Macmillan and Jacqueline Onassis. They include many journalists—Henry Fairlie, for example, and Lady Jean Campbell—and, significantly, the young men who helped Randolph, in his last years, to prepare the biography of his father (“The Great Work,” as he used to call it). The left-wing politician, Michael Foot, who also contributes to this volume, observed to one of them who had evinced a liking for his employer: “Then you belong to the most exclusive club in London—the friends of Randolph Churchill.” Exclusive perhaps, but surprisingly large.

I must be counted among its members. I declined his offer to join him in *The Great Work* and, in consequence, never knew him intimately: but, for me too, he leaves an almost audible gap in the world.

WILL THIS BOOK explain to those who never met Randolph what an impact he made and what it is that we miss? I can't be sure: but it conjures him up vividly, poignantly, often hilariously, to me. Just as there was nobody else quite like him, so I've never read another book quite like this about anybody. It is, at the very least, highly entertaining.

Randolph's childhood, the attitudes of Winston and Clemmie toward their children, no doubt had a very important, perhaps conclusive, influence on the way he developed: but his story, as reflected here, begins properly at Oxford. He was a spectacularly handsome young man, seemingly with the world at his feet. “If anybody told me then,” he once said, “that I would not be in the cabinet by the age of thirty, I would have knocked him down.” His own fragment of autobiography, entitled *Twenty-One Years*, movingly recalls that glad confident morning. Kay Halle says that he reminded her then of Frances Cornford's lines on Rupert Brooke:

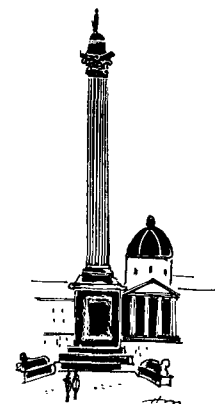
*A young Apollo, golden haired
Stands dreaming on the verge of
strife
Magnificently unprepared
For the long littleness of life.*

Strife came and disappointments but none of the triumphs which were predicted for him. He sat in Parliament

only briefly, during the War, when the normal political processes were suspended. He was never again able to find a seat. I accompanied him on one occasion when he appeared before a selection committee, and it was obvious that he had no chance. He wasn't even considered as a normal candidate. He was Randolph. He was notorious. No sensibly cautious group of party workers would touch him.

As a soldier he had been absolutely

fearless and incorrigibly brash. The story of his adventures among the partisans in Yugoslavia, accompanied by Freddie Birkenhead and Evelyn Waugh, is an epic comedy which has been told and retold by those who knew them. Another story equally true and equally



typical, finds him as a junior officer home on leave and allowed by his father to be present, on condition that he said not a word, at a dinner for the Joint Chiefs of Staff. During a lull in the conversation Randolph's irrepressible voice was heard: “It's not as if I'm accusing you, Field Marshal, of *personal* cowardice.”

His journalism was rather similar—undisciplined, full of fireworks, often well supplied with inside information, immoderate in its judgments. If nothing was happening when he arrived, he made something happen. He had a robust eighteenth-century wit. When a sub-editor telephoned him up to complain that some passage in his article was obscure, he replied, “To the obscure all things are obscure”—and slammed down the receiver. Not bad on the spur of the moment.

As an historian—in his biography of Lord Derby, for instance, and in the volumes he completed of *The Great Work*—he was very far from negligible. The *Great Work* might well have been a great work. Those last years, which were mainly, though never exclusively, devoted to it, when he had turned his back on London and was living in the country at East Bergholt, brought him a kind of contentment and mellowness.

IN NONE OF THESE FIELDS—as politician, soldier, journalist or historian—

RANDOM NOTES

■ **JUST OUT:** Justice Douglas again, this time with *Holocaust or Hemispheric Coop* (Random House, \$4.95; paper, \$1.95). From the same publisher, Jonah Raskin assays Kipling, Conrad, Forster, D. H. Lawrence and Joyce Cary against Marxist criteria in *The Mythology of Imperialism* (\$7.95). . . . *Out of My Time* is a memoir of Marya Mannes' early years (Doubleday, \$7.95). . . . *The Oppenheimer Hearing* by John Major is another whitewash (Stein & Day, \$8.95). From the same house, F. Lee Bailey talks about his big cases in *The Defense Never Rests* (\$7.95).

Gerda Taranow's *Sarah Bernhardt: The Art within the Legend* analyzes "glorious Sarah's" technique, includes photos and vintage reviews (Princeton, \$10). . . . Walter Kerr's new collection of drama criticism is called *God on the Gymnasium Floor and Other Theatrical Adventures* (Simon & Schuster, \$7.50).

■ **LIBERTARIAN CLASSICS.** Murray Rothbard and Jerome Tuccille are advisory editors for a series of 38 libertarian reprints due out in January under the general title of "The Right-Wing Individualist Tradition in America." Brochure available from Arno Press.

could he equal his father's achievements. But nor was he content to be a mere pale copy of his father, whom he intensely admired. He was, absolutely and above all, his own man.

"As a conversationalist himself," Malcolm Muggeridge wrote, "he is often as devastating as one of those hurricanes which sweep away whole towns in their train; as a stimulant, in absentia, of other conversationalists, he is in the very top class." Or, as someone else once remarked, the lights went up a little higher when Randolph came into a room but soon thereafter, figuratively speaking, he almost always put them out altogether.

He drank far too much. He was inconsiderate and intolerably rude to servants—but he was also inconsiderate and intolerably rude to dukes; in that sense, like many old-fashioned aristocrats, he was a true democrat. He liked what he called "a jolly tease." He was extravagant, not least in his relentless telephoning. I can hear him now, calling Washington in the middle of the night, just to see, he said, if the international operators were alert.

■ **MEDIA SURVEY:** *Media Industry Newsletter* surveyed 2,309 New York City executives in and out of media last September, pulled a 63 per cent response. Overall, media leaders were 57 per cent Democrat, 40 per cent Republican, 2 per cent for Wallace (all from the magazine segment), 1 per cent undetermined. Not surprisingly, book publishing gave the Democrats their heftiest bulge, 74 to 25 per cent. Democrats also won in broadcasting, 56 to 43 per cent and in newspapers/magazines, 50 to 45 per cent (with 4 per cent for Wallace). Republicans won in advertising, 53 to 46 per cent.

Outside media, Republicans did better. Among executives in national companies the GOP won 66 to 34 per cent, and in local companies, 55 to 44 per cent. But the Democrats won in banking/Wall Street, 58 to 42 per cent, exploding yet another myth.

■ **STATISTICS:** British book prices, once about half of American prices, now spiraling. For 15,826 titles published in England in first half of 1971, \$7.71 was average price. Readership remains staggering. Survey by English book jobber reveals 77 per cent buy books (about triple the U.S. figure), and 2 per cent more men than women buy. And the most enviable statistic: 30 per cent read more than one book a week.

When it was announced, after he had undergone a chest operation, that the condition of his lung was nonmalignant, Evelyn Waugh observed: "How characteristic of British medicine to remove the only part of Randolph which was not malignant."

But that was grossly unfair. He was never in the least malignant. On the other hand, he could scarcely be described as benign. The difficulty for anyone writing about him is to convey the fact that he did have great charm.

This book is a treasure-house for lovers of High Establishment gossip. But it's more than that. Randolph Churchill might indeed have been, as one of the contributors remarks, the original man about whom the child asked, "Mummy, what is that gentleman for?" He was *for* himself; justified, like some mythic beast, by the mere fact of his own unique existence. That a book like this should have been written about him—produced, as it were, vicariously by him—is a tribute to the strangeness and the strength and the abiding value of an individual human personality. □

Without Marx or Jesus

By Jean-François Revel

Doubleday, 269 pp., \$6.95

The Geography of Faith

By Robert Coles

Beacon, 179 pp., \$7.50

TRENDY REVOLUTION

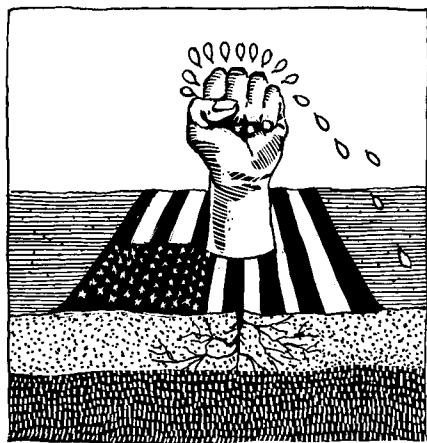
PETER P. WITONSKI

What is it about the current crop of best-selling French writers on the American political scene that makes it so very difficult to take their work at all seriously? Ever since the publication of Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber's much publicized *American Challenge*—the little book that started it all—I have had that sinking feeling that the public was being subjected (without really knowing it) to a kind of literary version of the late show, with the same old plots, the same old endings, and even the same old commercials.

My reservations about the *nouvelle vague* Americanists are not simply based on déjà vu. What is most annoying about them is their tendency to pick out the worst and least significant manifestations of American life, and, after holding these up to a magnifying glass, declare them, with heuristic zeal, to be the way of the American world. What is trendy and with-it is what fascinates them; and hence, when they survey contemporary America, they are inclined to concentrate on what Lévi-Strauss has called the "savage mind," with its professional protestologists, its vulgar jailhouse poets, its urban rioters. In this view of things, the real heroes of present-day America are, say, the Attica rebels, and not the State Police which fought to re-establish the rule of law in that Hobbesian nightmare situation.

Of course, the tendency to side with the savage mind against the civilized mind is not simply a product of French political journalism. Barbarism has many friends in the American literary world. One thinks, for example, of Mr. Tom Wicker of the *New York Times*. But the French have a uniquely Cartesian way of defending the darker side of American life that transcends anything Mr. Wicker, or Garry Wills for that matter, can ever hope to attain. The French philosophize about what

is bad in America; American liberals merely feel guilty, guilty about the fact that so many of them lead basically civilized lives, guilty about the fact that they have committed no crimes. So we are not surprised about Dr. Robert Coles' profound feeling of guilt, when the Rev. Daniel Berrigan angrily asks him: "Why are there no psychiatrists in prison today?" in one of the more insipid moments of dialogue in their

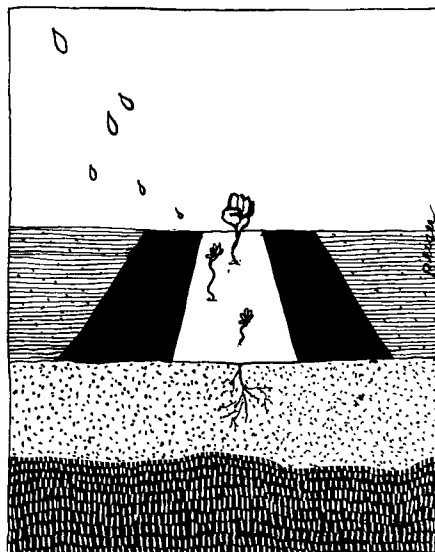


book of conversations, *The Geography of Faith*. It is this sort of banality (pace Henry David Thoreau) that the *nouvelle vague* French journalists most enjoy dwelling upon, and elevating to the level of spiritual and philosophical significance.

And this is the point of the latest piece of French punditry to reach our shores: Jean-François Revel's *Ni Marx, Ni Jésus* (which has been awkwardly translated as *Without Marx or Jesus*). In the American protest industry that produced Father Berrigan, Revel sees a revolutionary climate that both excites and interests him. This, he seems to be saying, is what America is *really* about. Indeed, he is even more frank. "The Revolution of the twentieth century," he gleefully announces in his first sentence, "will take place in the United States." This new revolution, he argues, has nothing whatsoever to do with the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century prototypes of what a revolution ought to be. Rather, the new American revolution, which has already begun, is *our* revolution, the revolution of the twentieth century, and is thus "the only possible escape for mankind today." The American dikes, he suggests, have broken, and it is now impossible to keep the water of revolution from spreading.

Having said what I have said about the *nouvelle vague* Americanists, I must

now backtrack a little to confess that, while I cannot share Revel's enthusiasm for what is taking place in America, I believe he is essentially correct, although, perhaps, for the wrong reasons. But like most of the new French "experts" on America, Revel's book really has little to do with America, or the new American revolution for that matter. Like his friend and editor, Servan-Schreiber, Revel is a product of the popular left-wing French newsweekly *l'Express*, and, like Servan-Schreiber, he is primarily interested in doing ideological battle with the political movement he most despises, Gaullism. When he praises and defends "revolutionary" America to his leftist French colleagues, which he does throughout this book, he is only doing it to point out how bad things are in Gaullist France. And so his book is not so much a description of an American condition as it is an analysis of what he sees as a French problem. In a very real sense *Without*



Marx or Jesus is a natural sequel to Servan-Schreiber's *American Challenge*, which glorified American technocracy in order to castigate French technocracy. "If General de Gaulle doesn't follow my advice," Servan-Schreiber seemed to be saying, "we will all soon be singing, 'Coca-Cola über alles.'"

Just as Servan-Schreiber held up the glories of American big business to the French, Revel holds up the glories of the American Left—in this case, everything from Walter Cronkite's evening news program to the Weathermen's bombing—to his friends on the French Left; because the traditional French Left, he feels, has made Gaullism and the French Right possible by

reason of its dogmatic and uncreative activity over the years. Actually, what he does not realize is that the American New Left has already made its impact on French politics, as a quick perusal of the new journal *Idiot* demonstrates. Indeed, since the Paris uprising in May of 1968, when the old French Left, led by the Communist Party, refused to join the students in the streets, and even tacitly sided with de Gaulle, the French New Left has moved far closer to the American New Left. They read the same books, and even share common causes, such as Angela Davis and Vietnam. Thanks to the impact of American mass media, praised by both Revel and Servan-Schreiber, a genuine New Left International, with its roots in America, has come into being, and nowhere is it more apparent than in M. Revel's own backyard.

ALL OF WHICH brings us back to that doyen of the American New Left, Father Daniel Berrigan, a man who gives the impression of being *without* Jesus, but *with* Marx, if I may modify M. Revel's title. His long dialogue with the psychiatrist Robert Coles is an invaluable compendium of New Left nonsense. Every cliché ever uttered by a leading American New Leftist finds its way into this revealing volume. What strikes me as being most significant about the Berrigan-Coles confrontation is the fact that they, like Revel, find their profundity in the oddest, most inane places. This is what the new American revolution is all about. It lacks the revolutionary discipline to swallow Marx, and the spiritual depth to accept Jesus, and so it is left with its own clichés, which it contemplates with all the rigor at its disposal. I am reminded of a remark made recently by the distinguished Polish philosopher Leszek Kolakowski, which seems to sum up the whole revolutionary situation in America with far greater intelligence than anything in these volumes—perhaps because Kolakowski, himself a victim of a revolutionary regime, correctly understands the brutal implications of real revolution. "The blind enthusiasm for the meaningless idea of global revolution, which I met with . . . in America, was especially repugnant to me. I can't deny the possibility that this irrational revolt may be symptomatic of a genuine sickness of civilization. But to be the symptom of a disease is not to be its remedy." □

UNCOMMON COMMON SENSE

STEPHEN J. TONSOR

The great merit of J. H. Hexter's *The History Primer* is that it is right. It is nearly right enough to be Right, even though Professor Hexter interrupts his narrative with a long anti-McCarthy tirade (Senator Joseph, that is) just to demonstrate that his heart dwells among the pristine purities of the liberal position. But these are the dog-days of liberalism and the fourteen-year locusts are singing their last songs. One threnody-like chirp in a book of 297 closely argued pages does not seem excessive.

Hexter's work has been a long time coming. Historians in the recent past have generally either evaded or succumbed to the theoretical formulations of the analytic philosophers and the neopositivists as they apply to the so-called social sciences. And in this, historians behaved no differently than other disciplines in the humanities. In the course of the nineteenth century history displaced theology as the queen of the sciences. Indeed, even in the natural sciences, process and development were looked upon as more fruitful conceptions than cause and prediction. It is precisely for this reason that the biological sciences came to the fore in the course of the nineteenth century.

However, the ascendancy of history was short-lived, and within only a few decades history was displaced by pseudo-scientific attempts to reconstruct all historical sciences on the pattern of physics. When the first feeble efforts at this reconstruction were made it was not unusual to find theoreticians who spoke of "social statics" and "social dynamics" and who directly appropriated not only the method but even the content of the physical sciences. The crudity of their constructions was patent. Today the effort is more sophisticated and the attempt is made in terms of methodology rather than content. These social physicists are aided in their efforts by an English linguistic peculiarity. "Science" (*scientia*,

Wissenschaft) in other European languages has always meant any ordered inquiry in any one of the disciplines rather than the application of the methodology of the physical sciences, as it means in English. Methodologies are diverse, differentiated and dependent upon the peculiar needs and objectives of the discipline. It is one of the great intellectual superstitions of our time that only the methods of the physical sciences can yield knowledge and certainty and that only these methods are legitimately applicable to man's experience.

Hexter examines this methodological reconstruction. He considers the arguments which the analytic philosophers and the neopositivists make in their attack upon historical studies based on the ideas of process and development, and he demonstrates the autonomy and the validity of historical science as it has developed within the great tradition of the humanistic disciplines. His book is a thoroughly arresting and engaging piece of argumentation. It is a clear and powerful exposition of what the historian knows and it constitutes a very uncommon defense of common sense. If by the end of his book some of his examples have become a bit tiresome and terribly prolix, these failings are easily forgiven when one compares his style to the water-logged style of his "social-scientific" contemporaries.

Hexter's work is good but incomplete. Any intelligent man is forced to question the sources of a theory so in conflict with common sense as the formulations of the "social scientists." What constitutes the enduring appeal of the application of the methodology of the social sciences to the exploration of human behavior, past and present?

Perhaps the greatest temptation in the path of any historian is the desire to demonstrate that the present cannot be other than it is because the past has made that present inevitable. E. H. Carr's *What is History?* was just such a ratification of the present through a demonstration that the present is not only the product of ineluctable necessity but that it is altogether right. Man's freedom and God's providence are at one stroke eliminated and human behavior is forced to submit to the chains of causality. Even those historians who resist the language of science all too frequently treat their discipline as a simple science of causes.

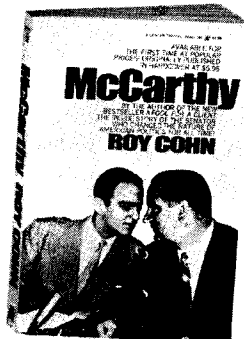
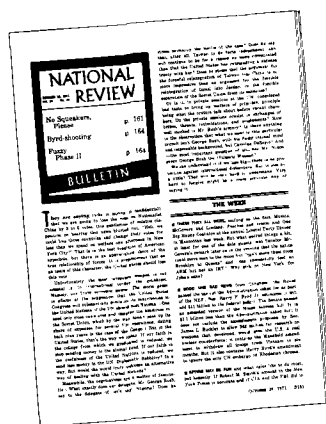
It is for this reason that the historian is so frightened at chance and contingency. Those events which cut dramatically across long and powerful causal chains threaten to undo history and to transform certainties into speculative insight. History always stands at the bridge at Chappaquiddick, astounded at the unexpected course of human affairs and mystified that events have so exceeded human anticipations. Even when causes are known and actions calculated, history demonstrates that in doing one thing men accomplish a host of other things that were wholly unanticipated. Those are the unforeseen side effects of known causes.

But the desire of historians to see and to explain the past wholly in terms of the present is not the only source of the desire to turn history into a physical science. Even more powerful is the desire on the part of the historian to transform the future. In the introduction to his recent book, *Between Nothingness and Paradise*, Gerhart Niemeyer remarks, "A 'creatively destructive' activism thus presupposes an intellectual destruction of present reality, as a result of which the believers of such ideas orient themselves no longer toward 'real possibilities' but rather toward 'possible realities,' to use Robert Musil's terms." What, in fact, history employing "social-science" methods logically accomplishes is the elimination of all of those embarrassing encumbrances which stand in the way of human transformation and the recreation of society.

History, which employs the methods of physics, avoids those questions and issues which threaten to intrude upon the utopian dream and the Promethean myth. Mankind cannot be reconstructed until history is reconstructed and history cannot be reconstructed until a vast body of human experiences has been repressed and condemned as unworthy of "scientific" investigation. The social scientist desires more than anything else to escape the complexities of human existence because that existential reality imposes limitations on the "possible realities" that man and his society might otherwise become. The humanist, however, is far more interested in the "real possibilities" of human existence. It is the "real possibilities" that make tragedy and comedy possible. Physics knows no tragedy just as "social science" knows no humanity.

□

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MYSTERIES

A Catalogue of Crime

By Jacques Barzun and Wendell

Hertig Taylor

Harper, 831 pp., \$18.95

A GUIDE TO GOOD CONDUCT

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

Everyone's doing it. *Newsweek* has run a cover story on the genre. The *New York Times Book Review* features full-length analyses by Ross MacDonald. The *New Yorker* and *Harper's* devote lead reviews to mysteries (the opening paragraphs of the *Harper's* review sounding oddly like the opening paragraphs of a recent *NR* mystery review).

Literary crime has always been big business. But now the genre, not really respectable since Poe and Conan Doyle, is being rediscovered. Graduate students have begun to write dissertations about it (let's hope this won't be the kiss of death) and now Professors Barzun and Taylor have given us this massive bibliography.

It's a shame it isn't better. Barzun and Taylor, much like Victorian gentlemen compiling index cards for a comprehensive encyclopedia of all knowledge, have been taking notes on mysteries for fifty years. And, unfortunately, the entries—3476, 2304 of which are arranged by author in a section entitled "Novels of Detection, Crime, Mystery and Espionage"—show it.

John Rhode, for instance, gets over fifty entries, with such clinkers as *Death on the Boat Train* lovingly annotated. Eric Ambler, on the other hand, rates only two annotations, his three classics—*Background to Danger*, *Cause for Alarm*, *Journey into Fear*—simply listed without comment. Herbert Adams, deservedly forgotten author of *The Body in the Bunker*, is awarded ten annotated and 26 unannotated entries. Geoffrey Household, the best suspense novelist writing today, gets only two unannotated entries.

The principle of selectivity at work here is a crippling one. Barzun and Taylor provide us with an a priori definition of the genre. Mystery fiction "belongs to the kind of narrative properly called the *tale*. It is a genre distinct from the novel. The tale does not pre-

tend to social significance nor does it probe the depths of soul."

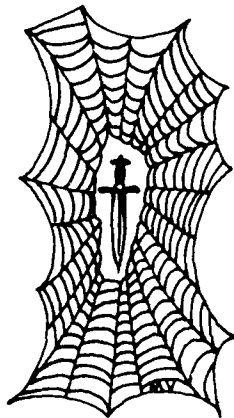
Rigorously adhering to this definition, the authors deal harshly with any mystery that might be mistaken for a psychological novel or novel of manners. Celia Fremlin, whose understanding of the workings of the mind of contemporary woman is unsurpassed, is peppered with wisecracks. John Marquand's superb Mr. Moto novels are dismissed as *Saturday Evening Post* fiction by "a semi-serious novelist."

Not all manners novelists are treated unkindly. Dorothy Sayers and Margery Allingham receive the respect due them. And occasionally Barzun and Taylor let their standards slip just a bit, as when they properly praise Ellis Peters' *Death and the Joyful Woman* for its study of adolescent psychology. But they come down hard on an equally splendid novel involving an adolescent, Michael Innes' *Case of the Journeying Boy*, perhaps the best thing of its kind since Stevenson.

Barzun and Taylor seem especially lopsided when dealing with Innes. His charming and original early novels are "too wild," while his later formula novels deserve praise because "about 1950 Innes sobered down and produced a good proportion of first-rate stories" (i.e., he stopped writing novels).

Given the narrowness of their definition, the authors necessarily must short-change America's most important contribution to the genre, the hard-boiled detective novel, for the Chandlers and the Hammetts and the MacDonalds (Ross and John) persist in studying the psychology of man in contemporary society.

Silver Street, the gripping first novel of E. Richard Johnson, a stick-up man currently doing time in a Minnesota state prison, elicits this typically academic wry comment: "Terse and readable, though scarcely a guide to good conduct." If your idea of good conduct in mystery fiction is adherence to the pre-World War II formula of locked rooms, poisons, wooden characters, country houses, bats, then you'll delight in Barzun and Taylor. For those of us who see something more in the genre, however, the definitive bibliography is still to be compiled. □



BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE HAPSBURGS, *Portrait of a Dynasty*, by Edward Crankshaw (Viking, 272 pp., illus., \$16.50). Last year the Viking people gave the Christmas trade Wilfrid Blunt's lavishly illustrated *Dream King*, the frothy saga of Ludwig II of Bavaria. This season they have taken on the Hapsburgs, a far less trivial subject, and not so easily squeezed into a single gift volume. If you like color and browsing and are not a stickler for detail, you will find much enjoyment. Some of the color art is irresistible, but expect no wonders from Mr. Crankshaw's plodding, general text. The only real excitement for discerning readers is tracking down blunders in the narrative and picture captions. For example, if venerable old Franz Josef's shade still skims the sphere, it will tremble with rage at seeing the plate on page 247, allegedly showing the Old Kaiser at work in his study at the *Hofburg*. In fact, it is a portrait of Emperor Wilhelm I of Germany, a Hohenzollern upstart, whose similarity to Franz Josef ended with his white whiskers. On the desk, adding insult to injury, is a statuette of a triumphant spike-helmeted Prussian soldier. My suspicions up, I have made a quick spot check of earlier illustrations and recognize, in a group of blue-coated fusiliers tagged "Austrian troops struggle over frozen mountain passes to join battle with Napoleon" an old print of the French army's passage of the Alps under—perhaps you've guessed already—First Consul Bonaparte. Subtle nuances of uniforms aside, one of the men carries the French Tricolor. Overcome, I drop this inadvertent work of fiction to the floor, and begin counting the days until publication of Otto von Hapsburg's forthcoming family history. It is much needed, if only as an antidote.

A. BAKSHIAN

TO BUILD A NATION, by Park Chung Hee (*Acropolis*, 214 pp., \$10). Korea today serves as a model for policies now called by names such as "Vietnamization" and "the Nixon Doctrine." What the Republic of Korea did to help itself and to optimize its own resources deserves not only admiration but also close examination. President Park, largely responsible for providing direction and determination to Korea's self strengthening, provides an almost encyclopedic treatment of Korean history and politics. His pride and confidence emerge, nevertheless, as do his realistic appraisals of current world forces. In view of Park's success, his belief in continued success, and his attachment to qualities of work and honesty, it is not especially astonishing that he occupies a place of prominence in the liberals' panel of bad guys. It is, however, sad. As a reading of Park's book will reveal, he is worthy of much more.

W. D. JACOBS

Arts & Manners

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Où Est la Cuisine d'Antan?

Nicola Paone, who has the best Italian restaurant in New York at 207 East 34th Street, says that he might close up at the end of the year for lack of help. This is bad news for all who love the elegant, light, non-garlicky food of Northern Italy, and especially for the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW who, like Dante in his day, will find it hard to adjust to eating somebody else's bread; Nicola has fed them too well for too long. His is a small restaurant, but even so, neither Nicola nor his assistant Franco and their faithful, devoted and efficient staff of many years can go on doing the work of the missing cooks, assistants and dishwashers. This desperate help situation, found in restaurants all over town, has been largely responsible for the closing of two deluxe ones, La Seine and Chauveron.

The help problem is one that restaurateur and housewife ponder alike. Here we are, listening to the bleats of some people and newspapers I could name, lamenting that there are no jobs. There certainly are jobs, and they are well paid when the person hired for one knows his business. As Nicola says, more, though not many, people come around asking for work now than before. But they haven't learned anything, and they are not particularly willing to learn now. So the jobs remain unfilled and the people unemployed.

Once upon a time, the help problem in restaurants could be solved by importing people from Europe. They were

glad to be here and willing to work. And in the restaurant business, they certainly prospered. Now this system does not work any longer, quite aside from immigration restrictions. Europeans are apt to think that America has become a *dolce laissez-faire* paradise on one hand. On the other, when they are good, they will work in somebody's restaurant for a while, and then go and open their own—and the restaurant business is still profitable here. More importantly, if you are a good chef or waiter, you can make as much money in Europe as here, with far fewer aggravations.

La Seine was a beautiful new and very luxurious restaurant when I wrote it up in the April 7, 1970 Delectations. It folded this year, around the time when money became scarce. Since it was very expensive (dinner for four, well over \$100), people thought it was the money, since restaurants in that price category do rely on expense-account dinners. But the trouble with La Seine was that in spite of the lovely décor the restaurant had no image. It belonged to absentee landowners, so to speak. There was no owner to greet you as at Quo Vadis, a splendid restaurant that has kept its excellence through the years. And the help problem, of course, is especially acute when you have to have perfect help, and La Seine was that kind of restaurant. The restaurant unions are as impossible as some other unions: You can't fire incompetent help, however humble the position, without major upheavals.



Chauveron, another well-known fine New York restaurant, also went this year. The usual help problem, plus a specific one of leases, demolition of present premises, new location as well as poor health of the owner; so he said the hell with it.

ASIDE FROM THE HELP and other problems, eating patterns are changing, as life patterns are changing. Patrons are beginning to lose interest even in the formal, classical French restaurant food. They want something lighter, more amusing, different. (In France as well, judging by the new-style French cookbooks.) One of the reasons the Four Seasons is doing well is the menu, which is imaginative, and which changes. It was all very well for La Seine to produce perfectly roast chicken or calf's liver, but then is that what you go out for? Many Americans cook extremely well, in an international manner. Not pompously, but well.

The success of the two new New York places speaks for this. La Petite Ferme, 189 West Tenth Street, has only six tables. The décor is that sophisticated French rustic, with milk cans full of fresh flowers, cooing doves (yes, they do coo, loudly) in a large cage, bare tabletops and so on. The food, cooked to order, is absolutely marvelous: fish with interesting sauces and so on, nothing outlandish, but perfect. You wonder how so small a place can flourish, but it must. You have to reserve days ahead for lunch, two weeks for one of the two sittings at dinner, but it is worth it. The other interesting place is La Potagerie, 554 Fifth Avenue, where only soup, breads, simple desserts and fruit are served on a self-help basis, for about \$2.50 if I remember rightly. The place is shining Scandinavian modern, in bright reds, white and blues, with red plastic trays, blue plastic dishes and so on. It sparkles and makes you immediately most cheerful.

I began this with a favorite restaurant and will end it with one. This is The Coach House, 110 Waverly Place, which to my mind, my friends' and the State Department's when it's anxious to show eminent foreign visitors superlative American cooking, does just that. The décor is warm, the service excellent, and over all, at all times, hovers the presence of the owner, Lionides, who is Greek by birth. In Europe, he would rate several Michelin stars. □

Potpourri

If the opening of the new art season has not offered any real novelties, it has made up for this by giving New Yorkers a welcome chance to reacquaint themselves with older, half-forgotten figures whom, as it turns out, age does not wither. Take, for instance, the Guggenheim Museum's whiz-bang presentation of the Dutch modernist, Piet Mondrian (1872-1944), in his first full-length showing since a Museum of Modern Art retrospective back in 1945. Personally, I hadn't been lamenting Mondrian's nonappearance; had anyone asked me whether an exhibition of his work would be worth the trouble and expense, I would have unhesitatingly said no—his very considerable contribution to the development of twentieth-century art had, it seemed to me, been amply demonstrated in surveys of cubism and the development of abstraction, and what more was there?

WELL, THERE'S a lot more. Mondrian achieved his status as a founding father of modernism in Holland in 1916-1917 as the most gifted member of *De Stijl*, one of the many didactic groups of the period who thought they had the answer to the perennial burning question "whither art?" Inspired by the cubism of Picasso and Bracque, they went still further in repudiating reality, advocating the doctrinaire reduction of all forms to the rectangle (or cube), all colors to the primaries (red, yellow, blue plus black, white and grey), and the making of a work of art to the arrangement of these colored blocks in asymmetrical balance. Their influence still survives, not only in Sears Roebuck-type linoleum, advertising and typography, but also (alas!) in those ubiquitous boxes with colored balconies which housing experts have been perpetrating in the name of modern architecture for over fifty years. It is hardly surprising that the pictures Mondrian painted according to Neo-Plasticism, as the formula was called, and to which he was faithful up to his death, are variations, albeit refined and subtle, on a single theme: At the risk of outraging fashionable intellectuals, I can find only one phrase to express my meaning—

when you've seen one, you've seen them all.

What is the surprise of this show is what and how Mondrian painted before deciding, once and for all, to abandon nature and reality. About one-third of the show is devoted to Mondrian's seldom-seen early canvases, mostly from Dutch collections. We see how he evolved from a teen-ager working in the brown gravy colors of late nineteenth-century naturalism into an expressionist painter of flowers, trees, windmills and water. The designs are in broad rhythmic strokes; the colors are exotic like those of Art Nouveau: lavenders, blue-greens, green-yellows, ochres, hot pinks that linger in the mind's eye long after one has left the Guggenheim's premises. While many of these pictures were done as illustrations to Theosophy, of which Mondrian was a life-long adherent, this does not detract from the stunning impact of their bold draughtsmanship and glowing pigment. In short, today's viewers, to whom Art Nouveau is no longer the dirty word it was in the 1940s, will discover a new and fascinating side to an artist they thought they had thoroughly understood.

Most other New York institutions have, perforce, abjured the expense of loan shows to concentrate on their own resources—a rare instance of expediency benefiting the public. The Metropolitan, praise be, is finally getting around to rehanging all those masterpieces which were hidden away during last year's seemingly interminable centennial celebrations.

THE NEWLY ENLARGED nineteenth-century American galleries have been unveiled with, for once, little hoopla. They look great and prove once again that what the Met contemptuously relegates to storage would be prime attractions anywhere else. Among the long-secrested treasures to reappear are some wonderful water colors by those fashionable painters of the Nineties, John La Farge and John Singer Sargent; Augustus Saint Gaudens' vigorous bronze sketches for the figure of Victory in the *Sherman Monument* at the Plaza and for the head of *Admiral Farragut* in Madison Square; a charming child's portrait by another forgotten artist of the period, Cecelia Bow, in which the pinafores little girl and her dog are seen trotting along by her nurse's billowing skirts. And then there's the original *Washing-*

ton Crossing the Delaware, all 252 square feet of it. Visitors to the Met these days can meet a lot of old friends and make some new ones at the same time.

THE METROPOLITAN has also put some of its twentieth-century Americans on display, but right now the star attraction in the field is the Whitney Museum's Edward Hopper exhibition, a selection from the more than two thousand works bequeathed it by the artist's widow. (After New York, it is scheduled to be shown at museums in La Jolla, Palm Beach, Fort Worth, Seattle, Milwaukee and elsewhere.) Few, if any, of these oils, water colors,

drawings and etchings have been shown before, but they more than confirm Hopper's high place in



American painting. Though he spent considerable time in Paris in the early 1900s, he was quite untouched by the artistic revolutions going on at the time; after 1910, he never returned. He didn't have to, for America gave him all he needed. New York's seedy brownstones, red New England barns, abandoned lighthouses, country roads punctuated by telephone poles, a lonely gas station at dusk—these were what he liked to paint, and through his straightforward unadorned style he conveyed a sense of the tragedy, the banality, the nostalgic beauty of the American landscape, forcing his viewers to look at familiar scenes with different eyes. Hopper painted few portraits, and when he did include figures in his compositions, they are as static as trees or buildings; there is none of the frenetic rhetoric of "American scene" painters like John Sloan and Reginald Marsh, with whom his name was often wrongly associated in the 1930s. Today Sloan and Marsh are like period pieces, but Hopper does not date. His art was as quiet, as understated as, in the abstract idiom, was that of Mondrian. He would have been horrified by the latter's casual statement of 1915 that "all in all, nature is a damned wretched affair"; Hopper's dearest wish, as he put it around the same time, was "to paint sunlight on the side of a house." Still, in his modest, deliberately limited yet carefully calculated art, he was as typical of his era as Mondrian. □

FILM

DAVID BRUDNOY

Son of Easy Rider

I've a soft spot in my heart for *Easy Rider*, the most loathsome travesty of a film in my memory. In my heart, I said, not my head, since my negative reaction to *Easy Rider* inspired me to write my first movie review since, as a high-school student, I had a column in the local rag called, egad, "DB Takes Look-See." At any rate, the propaganda piece trumpeting the glories of mindless drug-crazed hippiedom and denigrating the rest of society became the subject of a review in another journal, and since then I've neither stopped writing reviews nor watching for the next abomination to issue from Mr. Peter Fonda and his partner in crime, Mr. Dennis Hopper. The long wait is over, and Mr. Hopper has now managed to patch together a worthy successor to *Easy Rider*.

It is optimistically called *The Last Movie*. Or, rather, I am optimistic that it will earn Dennis Hopper so many sheckels that he will happily retire to Tierra del Fuego and thrust no more movies our way. Somewhere in all the seeming thousands of minutes of film, Mr. Hopper may have had the makings of a film. Possibly, but not necessarily. What he's done is paste together a whole range of movie bits, trying now this shtick, now that, smoothed over with some more of that How Ghastly Is This America drivel that distinguished *Easy Rider*. The tone of unremitting hate gives at least a common denominator to all the disparate scenes; if nothing else holds *Last Movie* together, that at least does.

There are those who like their movies to meander, and those who like films that mean nothing, full of hot air blowing ill winds and ill will. Somewhere out in movieaudienceland there are folks who dig sick take-offs on the Crucifixion, and at least a half-dozen people in America want to spend their pennies on films that are badly photographed, execrably scored, non-acted, stupidly reasoned (if reasoned at all), dedicated to the proposition that there's a sucker born every minute. *The Last Movie* is their movie, and I urge them

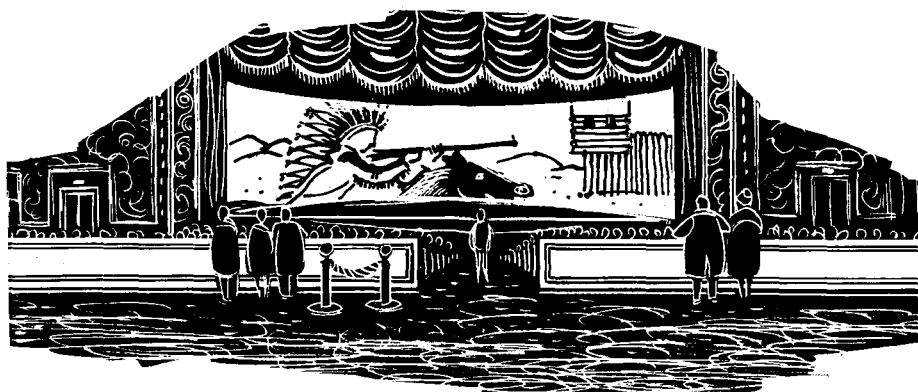
to enjoy, enjoy, but please spare me their reactions.

After which, even *Millhouse* is bearable, but just barely. How clever these people are, these "vulgar wretches," as LBJ in an inspired moment called those who feed on America's virtues and vices so selectively that they savor only the rinds. How brilliant, how devastating, how pleased as punch they must be with themselves, "creator" Emile de Antonio and his gang, to find in all the millions of footage about that man in the White House, just those ninety minutes' worth that make him out to be a grade-A ass. "Pat doesn't have a mink coat, but she does have a respectable Republican cloth coat," one of his innumerable silly effusions, sounds in Mr. de Antonio's context nearly as sinister as that other tyrant's ramblings about the Final Solution.

Garry Wills will love *Millhouse*; it's just as impartial as *Nixon Agonistes*. And the kids, who always know best, scream with crypto-orgasmic glee as

with the elegance—not yet decadence, please—of the gentry's lifestyle confuses him. He is, oh, fourteen or so, beginning to feel just a touch of sexual stirring occasioned by Marian's tenderness. But that's hinted at very gently, the theme being not Leo's innocence on the skids but the class barriers separating the two young adults.

THE GO-BETWEEN is by no means saccharine. On the contrary, it's tough-minded and it neither aims cheap shots at the idle rich nor unduly glamorizes the tenant farmer's rustic earthiness. Director Joseph Losey allows the story an appropriately languorous pace to develop and, as in so many period films of late, his details are extraordinarily right. Closely screenwritten by Harold Pinter from L. P. Hartley's book, this film makes its case that, precisely, there isn't much of a case—just texture, nuance, specifically the absence of a conclusion; in fact, there's no resolution of the minor plight of Marian's love stifled by convention, requiring that she marry



those six crises, those gaffes, those fascistic utterances race unbiasedly across the silver screen. If we're extraspecially fortunate, the neighbors will double-feature *The Last Movie* and *Millhouse* next summer. Do take the children; American history is a giggle.

WELL, IT'S BEEN a bad week for movies. But *The Go-Between* brightened things (and me) considerably. We're in rural England in 1900, experiencing with young Leo (Dominic Guard) the situation in which he finds himself, carrying messages back and forth between his rich school chum's sister Marian (Julie Christie, radiant) and a neighborhood tenant farmer, Marian's secret lover Ted (Alan Bates, not at his peak here). Leo is the poor boy at school, and his vacationtime contact

another young man, one of the right background. I say *minor* plight because the film quite correctly focuses on the attitudes of people then, not, as a tacky version might have done, on what such a situation would mean to us "moderns" now. The movie's Marian is a woman with enough spunk to defy her parents (expertly portrayed by Margaret Leighton and Michael Cough) and run off with Ted, if she chose to do so. But she doesn't. She doesn't because, obviously, Ted doesn't matter all that much to her. *The Go-Between* reveals the good sense of its makers, the good sense not to bend things out of proportion. I wish the perpetrators of *The Last Movie* and *Millhouse* had an ounce of such proportion with which to have fashioned their insufferable pap. □

RODMAN

(Continued from page 1350)

of Chile. Chile did, to be sure, have a very strong Communist Party, but at least under Frei the students had nothing but contempt for its stuffy orthodoxies, reserving their allegiance for Castro and Mao.

I drove from Concepción Chillán and back two years ago with a fairly typical Chilean university student. His father was a Christian Democratic senator. What radicalized him, he told me, was spending three weeks in a Chicago high school as an exchange student. "They fed me a steady diet of anti-Communism, and when I insisted that instead they explain to me why the Republican and Democratic parties were exactly alike, they called *me* a Communist. So I began to do some studying on my own, and I discovered among other things that the man behind the conspiracy to assassinate President Kennedy was Vice President Johnson. I suppose you'll call me a Communist for believing that?"

I laughed. "No. But you seem to jump very easily from the clichés of the Right to those of the Left."

"I hate both Communist and American imperialisms," he said. "But in Chile, Communist imperialism doesn't affect us the way your imperialism does. We are an economic colony of the United States. You control our only valuable foreign-trade asset, copper, and we are dependent on you for arms and just about everything else we need."

After returning from Chicago my friend had joined the Student Federation, controlled by the Maoist Movimiento de Izquierda Revolucionaria (MIR). Its leader, he told me, had just returned from several months in Cuba, getting his guerrilla training. He added that he himself had participated in the two Federation-led attacks on the U.S. Information Service building in Concepción. Why? "Because we know that your presence is helping Frei build roads and bridges to keep his rotten system going." But later on he admitted two things that threw more light on why Latin American students are so easily swayed by their Marxist mentors. "Only those students who take leftist positions move up the social ladder to good jobs," he said. "Frei gives the masses the old line about working harder and producing more in order to earn the right to higher wages. Our teachers point out

that society *owes* them a better living, and that if it isn't given to them they should take it."

When I suggested that President Frei seemed to be pushing the second concept at least as hard as the first, he had an answer. "If it's true, it only proves that capitalism will perish from its own contradictions."

Is the United States truly a villain in all this, or just a convenient whipping-boy for the propagandists of the Left? The answer should be clear by now. We are both. The problems of Latin America, as we have already seen, were not of our making. If the United States had *not* supplied the capital and technology, Latin America's industrial development today would be substantially what it was in Bolívar's time. Yet by the very fact of our overwhelming power and proximity we will always be regarded with suspicion. And every time our government uses its power to support private American interests those suspicions will be justified.

What, then, should our role be? How can we avoid alienating these new governments of the Left, forcing them into dependence on the Soviet Union, for instance, as in Cuba's case? Since democracies based on a consumer middle class do not exist in Latin America, our criterion for whatever assistance we choose to give can never be "is it a freely elected government?" or "is it a government of the Left or Right?" but rather "is it a government the majority of the people appear to want?"

Mexico, the most stable and industrialized of any of the Latin nations, may provide a key to the future of all of them. Because the imperialism to which Mexico was subjected by the United States from 1837 to 1910 was no figment of the imagination, and because the revolution which rocked Mexico from 1910 to 1938 was in a large part a declaration of independence from our penetration, Mexico in the past three decades has been able to concentrate on its internal development without undue paranoia. As in the other Latin countries, there is little political democracy in Mexico, but the one-party establishment has appropriated the charisma of revolution, and in so doing has "justified" its ruthless treatment of political opposition. Only with the army's October 2 massacre of rebellious students at the time of the 1968 Olympic Games did cracks in this façade begin to show. Only now are those who do not participate in the well-being of the revolutionary elite beginning to demand fulfillment of the revolution's promises. This is a retribution that every dictatorship on earth will have to face sooner or later—and perhaps the best hope for a democratic future. □

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 1333)

War Crimes

Professor van den Haag's "U.S. Crimes in Vietnam" [Oct. 22] deserves congratulations—and more attention than it is likely to get from our top policymakers in Washington.

Concerning his analysis, two observations ought to be made:

a) Traditionally, societies have constrained members of their military forces by a combination of influences, the administration of military justice being only one element in a rather complex package. The package, in theory at least, aims at conditioning the individual soldier to exercise his violence discriminately, in such a way that victory (or whatever) will be achieved while, at the same time, the values of his society are upheld. While those values vary with the society, the contents of the package itself seem to have remained remarkably consistent over the centuries: a blend of techniques, procedures and methods (generally, but not always, reflecting attitudes unshared by the society at large) which tie together what we today would loosely call military discipline, military training and military justice.

b) If the American package has changed for the worse, it would be difficult to place the responsibility for either deterioration or restoration on any specific command element within the Armed Forces, given the managerial (or "command control") structure of our military, naval and air forces today.

A civilian views the problems in social, or psychological, or legal terms; a soldier of the old school might tend to view it as a "command" problem; a modern military man would probably see it as a "managerial" problem. But there is an underlying philosophical basis for the integration of all these approaches, and too little is being said about it.

Flagstaff, Ariz.

RICHARD E. KUTZ

In assessing the costs (to the criminal) of crime, Professor van den Haag states that it is the penalty divided by the risk (probability) of actually suffering it. He is incorrect; it is the penalty *multiplied* by the risk. For example, if the average murderer's sentence is twelve years and the probability that he will actually be convicted is 3 per cent (.03) then the expected cost of the criminal is .36 years (4.32 months) in jail.

Otherwise the essay is excellent.

Halifax, Nova Scotia

PHILIP COEHLO

Vid-idiots

I'm rather surprised that it has taken *NR* so long to get around to Archie Bunker, and then only as a carom shot off Laura Hobson ["Video," Nov. 19]. Tell you the way it is: I might like *All in the Family* more if liberal apologists liked it less—but then again, I might not.

It might be possible to take the program more seriously if its writers would ever let that sweetly reasonable liberal son-in-law favor us with some standard stupidities from the other side starting, say, with "all white Southerners are fat Ku Klux sheriffs who call everybody 'boy'"; "the police have conspired to kill the Black Panthers," "America is rapidly going fascist," etc. But *that*, as they say, will be the day!
New York, N.Y. OSCAR ANDERSON

The Guardians

In his "Letter from Greece" [Oct. 22] James Burnham said: "However it is ridiculous to call today's Greece a 'totalitarian' or 'fascist police state.'"

I certainly agree that the Greek regime is socially more democratic than its predecessor, but even Soviet society can claim this same "distinction." Mr. Burnham has very accurately explained the origins of the "fuss" in the personal interests of the displaced elite and their "communicants." Nonetheless at the risk of being thought a member of the elite or even (shudder) a communicant of theirs, I will shed a tepid tear for the probably deceased republican institutions of Greece, if not for their former custodians.

Sierra Madre, Calif. MARKHAM ROBINSON

The Other Church

The Douglas Brown article, "New Defenders of the Old Mass" [Nov. 5], was interesting reading.

I'd like to add a contrasting note to the suggestion that the Tridentine Mass be performed "on occasion . . . over a concessionary period of five or ten years. . . ."

A few months ago I was able to attend a traditional Latin High Mass, bringing along my children, ages nine, six, four and three.

Mommy, still in the thirty-year range, found herself singing along with the choir *Kyrie . . . Gloria . . . Sanctus . . . Agnus Dei . . .* The nine year old kept popping around in the pew "to get a good look." On the long drive home, he asked: "What was all the smoky stuff in the gold cans? . . . and why?" The six year old commented: "Mommy, I liked that Mass!"

A few weeks ago, the four year old asked, as we were leaving a "new" Mass: "Mommy, when are we going back to that other Church?"
Carmel, N.Y. BARBARA M. SULLIVAN

Erratum

Owing to an unfortunate misunderstanding, the letter of Mr. Sherman Chen ["Letters," Nov. 5] was so edited as to convey the opposite of what Mr. Chen wished to say. Where Mr. Chen wrote "Formosa Independent Movement," we made it "Nationalist," thus making it appear that the writer was taking an anti-Nationalist position—which, he assures us, he in fact does not at all. Our apologies to him, and to our readers.
 —ED.

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[Abraham L.] Gruber:
My Neighbor's Roses.

The roses red upon my
neighbor's vine
Are owned by him, but they
are also mine.
His was the cost, and his
the labor, too,
But mine as well as his the
joy, their loveliness to view.

Thus I am rich, because a
good man grew
A rose-clad vine for all
his neighbor's view.

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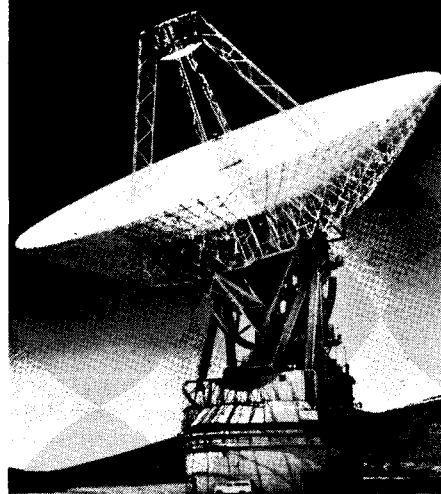
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Hiss Again

On The Right

New York, Nov. 18—Mr. Alfred Friendly, formerly the managing editor of the *Washington Post* and now its London correspondent, has written a dispatch which is hard to caricature, because it is its own caricature. The subject is Alger Hiss, and the headline is: "Hiss Hopes New Evidence/Will Clear His Reputation."

I asked a room full of high-school students the other day if they knew who Alger Hiss was. Only one student raised his hand. I asked them if they knew who Dreyfus was—only one hand (the same hand). Sacco-Vanzetti did better (I think there is the usual movie, or play, making the rounds). The young generation is willing to forgive Alger Hiss by forgetting who he was.

But there is a hard core of ideological revisionists who, having committed themselves to Hiss in the late Forties, never give up. I am told that even today, here and there, you can come upon a crusty old soldier in France who, in his cups, will confide to you that he got it from his father who *really* knew the facts: Dreyfus was guilty. And, in the fever-swamps, they whisper to each other, still, about the Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion.

I can understand an editor running a piece about Alger Hiss' continued struggle to "vindicate" himself. That is a legitimate news story, of the Where Are They Now? genre. But Mr. Friendly's story is in the style of the True Believer.

LISTEN. "Hiss is in Britain for a five-week public lecture and seminar tour of five universities—his subjects are Yalta, the New Deal and the McCarthy era. He will be 67 next month. The British-born journalist Alistair Cooke wrote of him in 1949 when he stood accused of what was in effect treason: 'He had a fine articulation of chin and mouth and brow and nose that would leave him handsome at eighty.' So far the forecast need not be questioned or amended. So too, Cooke's perception that only the deep-set and agile eyes failed to match the serenity of his bone structure is if anything reinforced by the passage of time. The eyes seem further withdrawn beneath the prominent brows; now they dominate the face. The man is still stylish, if verging on gauntness, but also, for all the subdued manner and understated air, still vital." I kid you not, this kind of stuff

is going out over the *Washington Post* Foreign Service Wire.

The effrontery is wonderful. One remembers the super-bold descriptions of the noble features of Josef Stalin, the harmonious idealism writ in Adolf Hitler's determined countenance. . . . And, then, the "subjects" Mr. Hiss is teaching. Yalta, the New Deal and the McCarthy era. Why not?, come to think of it. On the whole I'd rather listen to a lecture on the Internal Revenue Service by Al Capone, than by Harold T. Swartz.

It is less amusing when Mr. Friendly permits his Hiss-tic to dominate him utterly. After he has recovered from his stupefaction at the physical beauty of Alger Hiss, he drags himself to explaining that Hiss' innocence is based on "hypotheses [that] are all premised on considerations of Chambers as a psychotic individual, theories largely developed by professional psychiatrists in the years since the trials." That is as concentrated a libel as I have seen in public print. The reference is to a discredited psychiatric zombie whose book was rejected even by the reviewer for the *New York Review of Books* as the work of a wild necromancer weaving fantasies at the expense of Whittaker Chambers for the sake of fulfilling a deviate thesis which was taken seriously by approximately six people, of wobbly intellect, plus Alfred Friendly, the Revisionist.

The entire exercise is at a personal level disgusting, because Chambers' reputation, having been vindicated about as thoroughly as Galileo, is made, again and again, to suffer. In historical terms, the mischief is the calisthenics of kamikaze: Whittaker Chambers is ten years dead, but his words are the most durable poetry of a decadent West.

"People simply can't remember. . . . Quite unconsciously for the most part, they *want* to believe me wrong and wicked. It corresponds to a deep need in them. Koestler put his finger on it in the beginning: the parts were miscast. [Hiss] looks like the American boy (at least if you don't look too closely)—clean-cut, 'nice,' probably played basketball. I look like some kind of intellectual—God only knows what kind. . . . The American Boy should have been the one to try to rescue America and the West—not that other. If, in fact, it wasn't that way, by necessity

of belief they will force themselves to have it that way.

"[Hiss] has retained a great part of his original base in the community. He is still able to make them work for him, to make the press play his game. . . . There he sits, and every time that, in the name of truth, he asserts his innocence, he strikes at truth, utters a slander against me, and compounds his guilt of several orders. Yet, in the name of truth and justice, others support and abet him. It is this outrageous performance, this public violation, in full spotlight, of what the West has meant by truth and honor, which is permitted and abetted in the name of truth and honor—it is this which squirts into my morale a little jet of paralyzing poison. . . . It is when I look hard at this manifestation, much more than when I consider missile lags and such, that I cannot overcome a sense that the West will not win." □

**1964
AND
1972**

New York, Nov. 24—An underground conservative social scientist (there are quite a few: liberals in the academy should be very careful whom they talk to, and what they say) sends me a document which has gone utterly unnoticed even though it is over a year old. It is the *Western Political Quarterly*, 1969, 22 (4). The study is by Edmond Constantini (Political Science, University of California at Davis) and Kenneth H. Craik (at the time, in the Department of Psychology at Berkeley). The provocative title of the article: "Competing Elites within a Political Party: A Study of Republican Leadership." And the import of the findings goes beyond the adjudication of a hot historical argument dating back to 1964. The findings should be front-page news for Richard Nixon.

In 1964, the approved understanding among enlightened gentry of what had happened to the Republican Party in San Francisco was that a hoard of primitives, whose god was Barry Goldwater, had, as the result of successful conniving by some deft political operators like F. Clifton White, Stephen Shadegg and others, simply taken control of the Republican Party. Here, for instance, is how Richard Rovere, premier spokesman on political matters for the Eastern Seaboard Liberal

Establishment, put it in *Encounter* Magazine for October 1964. "The language of sedition is relevant . . . to what happened to the Republican Party over the last three or four years. It has been 'infiltrated, captured,' and made (as Richard Hofstadter says) a 'front organization' by an organized faction whose loyalty to Goldwater and Goldwaterism far transcends its loyalty to Republicanism."

Indeed, Professor Hofstadter, the influential political scientist from Columbia, said it more extensively in the same issue of *Encounter*. "Goldwater's true believers promptly moved in to fill the structural and moral vacuum, while the moderate leaders rested on their oar, assuming that they would be able to move in, as they had always done, in the next campaign year. Goldwater men infiltrated the party much as the Communists in their days of strength infiltrated liberal organizations in order to use them as front groups. Working with highly disciplined cells or cadres, they rapidly took over county and town committees, developed their own local candidates, and prepared for battle at the national level."

WELL, the two scholars in question went to work. They selected for interrogation a scientifically satisfactory cross-sample of the delegates pledged to Rockefeller and the delegates pledged to Goldwater and, for good measure, the delegates pledged to Lyndon Johnson.

As regards their location on the ideological spectrum, there was an extraordinary consistency between self-evaluation, and objective valuation, based on exploring the views of these delegates on fourteen separate issues. It transpired that the distance (moving right) between the Johnsonite and the Rockefellerite, was approximately the same as the distance between the Rockefellerite and the Goldwaterite. And—very interesting—that the Nixonite fell almost exactly in between Rockefeller and Goldwater.

Now on the matter of who were the Republicans: the Rockefeller people fell like ninepins. The Goldwaterites had:

—Participated more in county and state Republican organizations over the years.

—They had contributed more money to the party, from smaller incomes—even though their money went, in many cases, to liberal Republicans (e.g., Nixon in 1960, Kuchel in 1962).

—They had attended more conventions (2 to 1 in an official capacity prior to 1964).

—They had more years of active involvement in the Republican Party.

—On the record, they were more likely than the Rockefellerites to support the Republican nominee whoever he was. For instance, they had backed Eisenhower when Eisenhower beat Taft, in far greater

number than the Rockefellerites backed Goldwater after Rockefeller lost.

And finally—but I would not risk a paraphrase, and so quote the authors' own version of it: "With respect to the 'why' of party involvement, the members of the Goldwater elite were more likely than the members of the Rockefeller elite to have entered politics as the result of public-serving motives (e.g., out of concern for public policy issues) and less likely to have entered politics as the result of personal-serving motives (e.g., to achieve certain social satisfactions or to enhance one's personal influence)."

The meaning for the historians is absolutely clear: the official version of what happened in 1964 is baloney. The current meaning for Mr. Nixon is: the backbone of the Republican Party is to his right. On the other hand, he can take comfort from the showing that they are slow to defect. □

THE PRAYER AMENDMENT

New York, Nov. 10

—When in 1963 the Supreme Court suddenly overthrew an understanding which was twice fourscore and ten years old, namely that public schools typically began the day with a prayer, there was the nearest thing to universal uproar since Harry Truman fired Douglas MacArthur. It is difficult to find a nonideologized scholar who seriously believes that the people who wrote the Bill of Rights intended to equate public prayer with the establishment of a religion; and, indeed, for a while it appeared as if the Supreme Court would choke on its secularist sophistry. Within hours of the decision, 49 out of fifty state governors pledged their support for a constitutional amendment which would reverse the decision (charity prevents me from identifying the fiftieth).

So the weeks, and the months, and the years went by. Senator Dirksen championed the amendment, but Congressman Celler kept it bottled up in the House Judiciary Committee. Meanwhile, there were odd sounds from odd clerics here and there who made odd appearances before congressional committees in which they treated the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States with manifestly greater reverence than they have treated the First Commandment as given to Moses. Sand of all sorts was sprinkled on the essential question so that before long any number of people began to believe that to urge the resumption of prayer in the public schools was tantamount to undermining the Constitution of the United States.

But then Representative Chalmer Wylie of Ohio decided to move directly. He petitioned to remove the proposed amend-

ment from the cellar in which it had rested, and, lo, he got the signatures necessary to do so, so that the vote was in fact scheduled.

Then what happened was the equivalent of the American Legion coming out against Douglas MacArthur and for Harry Truman. The Catholic bishops, no less, speaking through the United States Catholic Conference, declared themselves as *opposed* to the amendment. Their reasoning is a sophist's delight. Listen.

THE AMENDMENT SAYS, very simply: "Nothing contained in this Constitution shall abridge the right of persons lawfully assembled in any public building supported in whole or in part through the expenditure of public funds to participate in nondenominational prayer."

Well, the bishops' representative, arguing to lengths unheard of the principle *inclusio unius est exclusio alterius*, said: if the Constitution *authorizes* nondenominational prayer, then doesn't it indirectly *forbid* denominational prayer? And if it does, doesn't that mean that you can't have a denominational prayer in any building which is in part supported by public funds? For instance, if a Catholic group rented the Hunter College Auditorium, doesn't it mean that the priest who pronounced the invocation would be forbidden from saying: "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost," because the Son is denominational, and the Holy Ghost is positively factionalist?

As if this weren't enough, the Jesuit gentleman who is in Congress and sits well to the left of the Speaker, complained that there is no such thing as a nondenominational prayer, so that the proposed amendment is really meaningless, and shouldn't be passed for that reason. The argument, presumably, says that to say the lines: "God bless this school, its faculty and its students" would be a "denominational" prayer, presumably because the Druids amongst us would insist that the prayer should be directed to the Stars, rather than to God, who is a denominationalist.

It causes the mind to boggle. And it suggests an answer to the question: Why is the Catholic Church progressively less influential? Why is it that when it speaks about abortion, two and one-half people listen to it? It is, surely, because its adulterated mission leaves it, as in the present situation where the fight is simply whether to confirm or resist the extirpation of religion from the public schools, fanning itself prissily about semantic and constitutional ambiguities, asking for lemon in its tea, rather than exerting itself to cause the name of God to be overheard by the younger generation. God help them, if it isn't asking too much. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Life with him brought exciting days	20 100 118 60 137 132
B. One of Longfellow's daughters	30 181 123 44 174
C. A cartographical term	50 53 180 8 160 134 115 186 61
D. Would a rent freeze apply to this house?	97 26 104 68 78
E. A cafe	102 6 54 69 75 99 119 122 155 194 39
F. A football league	106 149 76
G. A motto for those who smoke in bed	148 18 27 32 55 107 64 21 77 88 93 133
H. A type of pottery	163 152 110 177 10
I. The inside bottom of a cupola	2 13 19 24 37 45
J. Worldly	170 159 140 11 165 101
K. Hepatica	188 103 111 153 124 141 70 172 193
L. Sagacious	57 89 28 79 135 184
M. What Della wore	116 175 1 29 145 183 58 43 138
N. A fish	121 38 185 46 197 34 52 56 71 117
O. Goodwill to fellow men (with one's own money!)	63 74 86 33 49 98 4 9 22 35 90 14

P. A river in central Asia (one of two sp.)	131 171 139 146 94 12
Q. His pen name was Owen Meredith	151 176 15 168 187 161
R. Something gaudy and useless	198 127 31 112 3 191
S. Unscramble HOOD SHRUG	72 199 7 80 16 157 95 190 142
T. To discourage from free or spontaneous activity	196 156 81 41 23 65 143
U. An apostle who had collected customs levies	40 166 82 158 126 162 47
V. Spume	36 96 178 173 136
W. Reverential	83 125 84 17 66
X. Two halves of this would not necessarily make the whole of it	87 113 91 154 144
Y. An artificially heated place where tender plants are cultivated	108 114 189 147 192 179 67 48
Z. Former	120 92 62 73 164 195 25 105 129
a. A representative (1837-1849) and a senator from S. C. (1850-1852)	128 169 150 51 167
b. A counterbalancing effect	5 59 85 42 200 109 130 182

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1372 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

1 M	2 I	3 R	4 O		5 B	6 E	7 S	8 C	9 O	10 H		11 J	12 P	13 I	14 O		15 Q	16 S
17 W	18 G		19 I	20 A	21 G	22 O		23 T	24 I	25 Z	26 D	27 G	28 L		29 M	30 B	31 R	32 G
33 O	34 N		35 O	36 V		37 I	38 N	39 E		40 U	41 T	42 b	43 M		44 B	45 I	46 N	
47 U	48 Y	49 O	50 C	51 a	52 N		53 C	54 E		55 G	56 N	57 L	58 M		59 b	60 A	61 C	
62 Z	63 O	64 G	65 T	66 W	67 Y		68 D	69 E		70 K	71 N	72 S		73 Z	74 O	75 E	76 F	
77 G	78 D	79 L	80 S	81 T	82 U		83 W		84 W	85 b	86 O	87 X	88 G	89 L		90 O	91 X	92 Z
93 G		94 P	95 S	96 V	97 D	98 O	99 E		100A	101J		102E	103K	104D	105Z		106F	107G
	108Y	109b	110H	111K		112R	113X	114Y	115C	116M	117N		118A	119E	120Z		121N	122E
123B	124K		125W	126U	127R	128a	129Z		130b	131P	132A	133G	134C		135L	136V	137A	138M
	139P	140J	141K	142S		143T	144X	145M	146P		147Y	148G	149F	150a		151Q	152H	153K
154X		155E	156T	157S	158U	159J	160C	161Q	162U	163H		164Z	165J	166U	167a		168Q	169a
170J	171P	172K		173V	174B	175M	176Q		177H	178V	179Y	180C	181B		182b	183M	184L	185N
186C	187Q	188K		189Y	190S		191R	192Y	193K	194E	195Z	196T	197N		198R	199S	200b	

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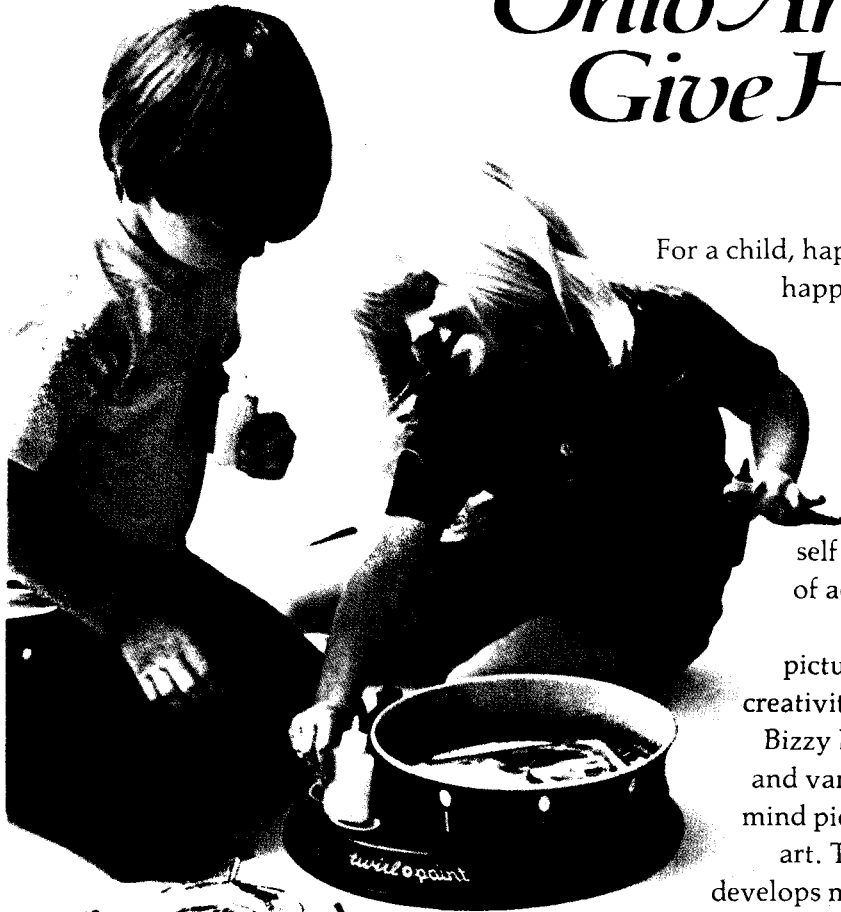
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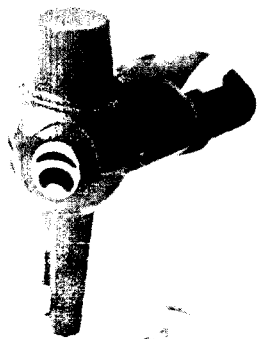
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